GOLDEN POEMS

EDITED BY FRANCIS E BROWNE

Oh, to be up, and out, and follow the road that
Away from the stony hearted stills
And out to the pleasant meads,
To dip to the cool moist hollows
Where the feather ferns grow lush,
And only the notes of the thrushes
Sound in the wood's sweet hush.

May 14th 1922

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches today
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song sparrow
High on their perch
Hear the sweet lily bells
Ringing to church.

Spring

Life often divides far wider than death
Slow fortune the high wall raises
But better far than two hearts estranged
Is a low grave planted with daisies.

GOLDEN POEMS

By British and American Authors

"The Poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above."

"The Folk-songs old that never are outworn."

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

GOLDEN POEMS

By British and American Authors

EDITED BY

FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE

EDITOR OF "BUGLE ECHOES: POEMS OF THE CIVIL WAR," "LAUREL-CROWNED VERSE," ETC. AUTHOR "THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF LINCOLN."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION
ENTIRELY REPRINTED

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1911

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JANSEN, McCLURG & CO.
1881
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1906

THIS NEW REVISED EDITION IS THE
TWELFTH PRINTING OF THIS WORK

The Publishers' Press
Chicago

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE plan and scope of the present volume are, it is believed, sufficiently explained by its title and by its contents and arrangement. As, however, the number of poetical anthologies is already large, a word of justification may properly be expected of anyone who would venture to increase the number.

In any close survey of the larger compilations of Dana, Bryant, Coates, Fields and Whipple, and Sargent, the reader, while impressed with the fulness and richness of these collections, must notice the comparatively small number of pieces which have become to any considerable extent popular favorites. It is apparent also that miscellaneous collections should be chiefly popular in plan and purpose. The field of English poetry is so vast that no anthologies, however wide their scope, can serve as a substitute for the works of the various authors; and attempts to make them do this must result in cumbersome and unwieldy as well as expensive volumes. Of smaller books we already have, it is true, a number which admirably serve their purpose; but it is no disparagement of these to note their limited range —their design being in general to represent some special department or some particular period of poetry, or to express the individual tastes and preferences of their

illustrious compilers. Belonging to the first of these classes are works so admirable as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" — which is restricted to songs and lyrics, and represents no American authors,— Johnson's "Single Famous Poems," and Lodge's "Ballads and Lyrics"; and to the second class, Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries," Longfellow's "Poems of Places," and Emerson's "Parnassus."

Having this popular aim prominently in view, the compiler of the present volume has hoped to be able, by limiting his selections as closely as possible to short pieces, to bring together a larger number and greater variety of popular poetical favorites than can perhaps be found elsewhere in equal compass. It would of course be too much to expect that any reader could find all of his favorite pieces here. Judgments would differ in many instances as to what should be given precedence; and many omissions are inevitable. As a necessary result of the preference for short pieces, many of the older writers are represented but sparingly: and from this there also results, what it is hoped may prove to be an advantage — and what, indeed, has been one of the objects of the book — that many pieces are to be found here which are not usually given in similar collections. In order to afford as wide a representation of authors as possible, the selections have been confined, except in a very few instances, to a small number from each. Many authors, indeed, are known by but a single piece — which would hence have a special claim to a place here. As far as practicable, whole poems have been chosen; but where an author could best be represented by some familiar or characteristic extract, this has been used, and in such case the full title of the poem from which the extract is taken usually appears at the end.

Great pains have been taken to secure correct versions of the pieces used. This is, however, a matter of too much difficulty to permit anyone who has ever attempted it to be confident of entire success. Many fine pieces are not to be

found in any authentic form, but exist only as waifs and strays of literature. Some have so long borne titles different from those their authors gave them, that they would scarcely be recognized by any other name; while others have not only been re-christened, but also re-apparelled in such a way that their own parents might almost pass them by as strangers: like the poor palmer with Marmion at Norham Castle, they are so changed by fortune and hard usage, that —

> "The mother that them bare,
> If she had been in presence there,
> She had not known her child."

The classification of the poems, in which the stereotyped chronological order is abandoned for an arrangement by subjects, is believed to be that most effective and convenient in a popular work like this. It is necessarily somewhat arbitrary, since it is not always clear to which one of several classes a poem most fitly belongs. It is hoped, however, that the classification will be found in the main correct, and that its adoption will be approved by use.

As has seemed proper and desirable in an American collection, liberal quotations have been made from the works of American poets. These have been necessarily subject to existing copyright restrictions, which may explain any seeming disproportion in the representation of the various authors. The search for material, both in British and American poetry, has been brought down as nearly as possible to the present; and a very interesting feature of the collection, it is thought, is the large number of remarkable poems from unknown and little-known authors. Translations — since a translated poem really becomes a new poem — are in this work indexed under the name of the translator, or as anonymous where the translator is not known; though the name of the original author, when known, is given at the end of translated pieces.

F. F. B.

CHICAGO, *November, 1881.*

PREFACE

TO REVISED EDITION

THAT this collection of English poetry has held its own for twenty-five years seems a sufficient reason for offering it to the public in a revised and enlarged edition. In the earlier preface it was stated that the search for material had been "brought down as nearly as possible to the present." That present is now a quarter century past, and while this interval has not been marked by the appearance of any great names in English poetry, much that is of interest has been given to the world both from poets already famous and from those who were unknown when the collection was originally made. The present edition, therefore, not only satisfies the intention of the earlier one to bring the material down to date, but includes matter that cannot fail to give increased richness and variety to the collection.

In an anthology such as this, two limitations are, or should be, obvious—limitations of space, and limitations in the use of copyrighted matter. The question is not as to what might be done in a larger volume and with entire freedom in using material, but whether the space and material at command have been used wisely on the whole. And on this point, of course, opinions will be almost as varied as the tastes of readers, no poetry-lover will ever find his ideal anthology until he makes his own. Also, any attempt

at logical proportion between the importance or rank of poets and the number of pieces by which they are represented is impracticable, and has not been attempted here. That is not the plan or purpose of the volume,— rather, the aim has been to produce a compact and inexpensive collection of good poetry representing not only the great authors but also others of lesser rank who have produced things that the world will not willingly pass by.

The editor desires to express his obligations to the courtesy and liberality of many American authors and publishers in permitting the use of copyrighted matter — especially Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., whose list is so rich in the poetry not only of our standard writers but of minor poets; and to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., J. B. Lippincott Co., The Century Co., Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., and Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co.

F. F. B.

CHICAGO, *August 1, 1906.*

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PART I

By the Fireside

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching,
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

GOLDEN POEMS

PART I

BY THE FIRESIDE

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT

It 's we two, it 's we two, it 's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What 's the world, my lass, my love! — what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by;
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we 'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It 's we two, it 's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins:
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I 'll dry thine.
It 's we two, it 's we two, while the world 's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

ONLY A BABY SMALL

ONLY a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;

Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

CRADLE SONG

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he 'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he 'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he 'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he 's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (*Bitter-Sweet*).

CHOOSING A NAME

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.
Now I wonder what would please her,—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they 're too common;
Joan 's too formal for a woman;
Jane 's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith 's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen 's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret;
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?

How I 'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her; —
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

MY BABES IN THE WOOD

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
Than any story printed in your books.
You are so glad? It will not make you gladder;
Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

"Is it a fairy story?" Well, half fairy —
At least it dates far back as fairies do,
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,
Two very dainty people, rosy white,
Sweeter than all things else except each other —
Older, yet younger — gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
And think with yearning tears how each light hand
Crept toward bright bloom and berries — I shall never
Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I missed them
First in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;
But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them
My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,
For their small sakes, since my most bitter loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered
By robins out of apple trees they knew,
Whose nursling wings in far home sunshine hovered,
Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were — what yours are. At this you wonder;
Their pictures are your own, as you have seen;
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
Lost leaves — why, it is your dead selves I mean!

SALLIE M. B. PIATT.

"BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON"

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
"Oh try and sleep, ye waukrif rogues,
Your feyther 's comin' in!"
They dinna hear a word I speak;
I try an' gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up and cry:
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly heid,
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up and cries: "I want a piece!"
The rascal starts them a'!
I rin an' fetch them pieces — drinks —
They stop a wee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up and cry:
"O weanies, cuddle doon!"

But scarce five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out frae neath the claes:
"Mither, mak Tam gie ower at ance!
He's kittlin' wi' his taes!"
The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks,
He 'd bother half the toun;
But still I hap them up and cry:
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their feyther's step,
And as he nears the door
They draw their blankets o'er their heids,
And Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been guid?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
And lang since cuddled doon!"

And just afore we bed oursels
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his airm round wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm round Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
And as I straik each croun,
I whisper, till my hairt fills up:
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that 's dear to me,
For sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.

But come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits abune
Aye whisper, tho' their pows be bald:
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WILLIE WINKIE

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed ? — for it 's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben ?
The cat 's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug 's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep ;
But here 's a waukrif laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue : — glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk !

Hey, Willie Winkie ! the wean 's in a creel !
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums :
Hey, Willie Winkie ! — See, there he comes !

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he 'll close an ee ;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE FARMER SAT IN HIS EASY CHAIR

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away ;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
" Don't smoke ! " said the child ; " how it makes you cry ! "

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

NOT ONE TO SPARE

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John — John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said,"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We 'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep"; so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
Her shining curls, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a gentle way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,

And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He 's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one —
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave
Bids us to befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from our bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head; "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad —
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

TIRED MOTHERS

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch, —
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day —
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee, —
This restless curling head from off your breast, —
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor, —
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more, —

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest had flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

WINIFREDA

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We 'll shine in more substantial honors,
And, to be noble, we 'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 't is spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We 'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that 's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We 'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING

O DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'T is rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There is n't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of the night as well as the day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

A God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he 's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin 's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I 'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a',
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockin's pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he 's been lang awa'.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the bauk
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I 'm like to greet!

If Colin 's weel and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae
I 'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I 'm like to greet.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

JEAN ADAM.

A WINTER EVENING AT HOME

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

. . . . . .

' T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

WILLIAM COWPER (*The Task*).

HOME, SWEET HOME

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there 's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There 's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call; —
Give me them — and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There 's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME

IT 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame, fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

There 's naught now frae ruin my country can save
But the keys o 'kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the top o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my ee,
"I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'WAY down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,—
Dare 's wha my heart is turning ebber,—
Dare's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!

All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

One little hut among de bushes,—
One dat I love,—
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home;
'T is summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top 's ripe and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door,—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!
We 'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the fields where the sugar-cane grow;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

IN A STRANGE LAND

OH, to be home again, home again, home again!
Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill;
Mother is calling me, father is calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, how I long to be wandering, wandering
Through the green meadows and over the hill;
Sisters are calling me, brothers are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, once more to be home again, home again,
Dark grows my sight, and the evening is chill,—
Do you not hear how the voices are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still?

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet, violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born!
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times — they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place — keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends — may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves — God bless our loving wives!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view! —
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure —
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

RAIN ON THE ROOF

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh, I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair
And her star-eyed cherub brother —
A serene angelic pair! —
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs, where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight —
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one —
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
  Above the noble slain ;
He wrapped his colors round his breast
  On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
  Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,
  The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
  Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
  Around one parent-knee !
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
  And cheered with song the hearth ;
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
  And naught beyond, O Earth !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE FAMILY MEETING

WE are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled, we are all at home
To-night let no cold stranger come ;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we 're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot ;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We 're all — all here.

We 're not all here !
Some are away, — the dead ones dear.
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band ;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day ;
The quiet grave-yard — some lie there, —
And cruel ocean has his share.
We 're not all here !

We are all here.
Even they — the dead — though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They 're 'round us as they were of old.
We are all here!

We are all here:
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon may we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit 'round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below;
So in the world to follow this
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We 're all — all here.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

PART II

Nature's Voices

Think me not unkind or rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 't is figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

PART II

NATURE'S VOICES

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth.

INVOCATION TO NATURE

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !
If our great mother have imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;
If Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And Winter robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs ;
If Spring's voluptuous pantings, when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred ; — then forgive
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favor now !

Percy Bysshe Shelley (*Alastor*).

FREEDOM OF NATURE

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

JAMES THOMSON (*Castle of Indolence*).

NATURE'S DELIGHTS

O MAKER of sweet poets! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew, and tumbling streams;
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams;
Lover of loneliness and wandering,
Of upcast eye and tender pondering!—
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile on us to tell delightful stories;
For what has made the sage or poet write,
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade;
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings;
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-brier,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles;
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.

JOHN KEATS (*Nature and the Poets*).

IMAGINATIVE SYMPATHY WITH NATURE

SKY, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll

Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless — if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

VARYING IMPRESSIONS FROM NATURE

I CANNOT paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no heed of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed: for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (*Tintern Abbey*).

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

THE year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn ;
Morning 's at seven ;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn :
God 's in His heaven —
All 's right with the world !

ROBERT BROWNING (*Pippa Passes*).

EARLY SPRING

ONCE more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue ;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

Opens a door in heaven ;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods ;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,—

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

Oh, follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure !
O heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops pure !

Past, Future glimpse and fade
  Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
  Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
  In sound and smell!

Till at thy chuckled note,
  Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
  And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
  From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
  Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
  The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
  The poets too.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

APRIL IN ENGLAND

OH, to be in England
  Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
  Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
  Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
  That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

NATURE IN SPRING

WHO can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then,
Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find words
Tinged with so many colors; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
Yet though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O, come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

JAMES THOMSON (*Spring*).

SPRING IN CAROLINA

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there 's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth ;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there 's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn ;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant ; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
" Behold me! I am May! "

HENRY TIMROD.

JUNE

I GAZED upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—

Away! I will not think of these;
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
  Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours
  The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
  Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
  The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
  Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids beneath the moon
  With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
  Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
  The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
  Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
  They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
  The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
  The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
  Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

JUNE

EARTH gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us;
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with the whole soul's tasking;
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes,we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
  'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (*The Vision of Sir Launfal*).

A SUMMER MORN

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield, and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;

The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty,
And held high converse with the godlike few
Who to the enraptured heart and ear and eye
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

JAMES BEATTIE (*The Minstrel*).

SUMMER

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
Oh, softly on the banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays;
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine trees, tall and bland,
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze; while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;

High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells.
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells.

The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by; and look —
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read;
A dear companion here abides,
Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
The holy silence is his voice:
I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

SEPTEMBER

SWEET is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drone in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.
At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,

And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,

To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest Summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning:
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar-trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

OCTOBER

O LOVE, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze
Down these gray slopes upon the year grown old,
A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze,
That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms infold
Gray church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands still meet,
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet,—
Oh, hearken, hearken! through the afternoon
The gray tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we too,— will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience and from pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
That rest from love which ne'er the end can gain? —
Hark, how the tune swells, that erewhile did wane!

Look up, love! — ah, cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love?

WILLIAM MORRIS (*The Earthly Paradise*).

INDIAN SUMMER

THESE are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June,—
A blue-and-gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee!
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

EMILY DICKINSON.

AUTUMN

THE morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned.
I 'll put a trinket on.

EMILY DICKINSON.

WINTER

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,

But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

WILLIAM COWPER (*The Task*).

MONTHS AND SEASONS

SO FORTH issew'd the seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres,
That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the jolly Summer being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlynèd all to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffèd beene
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore:
Upon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore,

And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tippèd staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the monthes all riding came:
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armèd strongly, rode upon a ram;
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowèd as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds;
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnishèd with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seemed in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in green.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare;
Upon a crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked, crawling steps an uncouth pase;

And backward rode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot July, boyling like to fire,
And all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a lyon, raging yet with ire,
He boldly rode, and made him to obey;
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;)
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayde
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous virgin which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after Wrong was loved and Justice solde,
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

Next him September marchèd eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in the other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equalle gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust;
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianae's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reeke and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;

For it a dreadful centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years
They say was nourisht by th' Iæan mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowl he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell
And blowe his nayles to warm them if he may,
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he fellèd wood,
And from the trees did lop the needless spray;
Upon a huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth the Romane flood.

And lastly came old February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the twelve months forth, and their dew places found.

EDMUND SPENSER (*The Faerie Queene*).

LOVES OF THE PLANTS

How snowdrops cold and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend,
The love-sick violet and the primrose pale
Bow their sweet heads and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamored woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;

Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glowworms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

ERASMUS DARWIN (*The Botanic Garden*).

VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honor!
You doe bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
Fresh and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies,
And so grac't,
To be plac't
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye doe lie,
Poore girles! neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE FIRST VIOLET

MATTED with yellow grass the fields lie bare,
Wind-swept and bleak, and desolate with rain;
Through misty distances, the leafless trees
Stretch gaunt, bare arms, and writhe as if in pain;
And, save the fitful sobbing of the wind,
No sound, no life in all this lonesome waste.
Oh hopeless day, that ever thou wert born!
Pass on! pass on! and to thine ending haste.

Pass on! — for never in the count of Time
Came day to me more full of evil things;
Old memories of loss, of death, and pain,
Start from their sleep and wound with freshest stings;
And here I stand *alone*, dear God, alone,
A pitiless gray sky above my head;
Below . . . ah! what is this? Thou fairest flower,
What dost thou here upon this death-cold bed?

Blue, bright as hope, or rifts in summer clouds,
Fresh, pure, unsmirched by stain of rain or clay,
Thou dream of radiant suns, of soft spring skies,
What dost thou here, mocked by this dismal day ?
But yet methinks a light born of thy grace
Pierces the gloom, as morning pierces night;
Sweet messenger, hast thou some sign for me ?
Some blest Evangel, if I read aright ?

The waking pulse of Nature throbs in thee,
And through the ice-bound mould, so grim and bare,
Thy tender shoots have pierced, thy blooms unfold,
Amidst this sullen waste the one thing fair ;
So delicate, so frail, and yet so strong
To bear the gracious message of the spring ;
Herald of life which underlies all death,
We dimly read the riddle that you bring.

The violet droops within this bitter blast
(All first great truths the martyr's crown must bear).
Blow wind, fall snow, we know no shroud can still
The life which stirs beneath this frozen air.
Dear God! I read upon this petaled page
Thy changeless record in the changeful hours ;
Day follows night — Thou turnest blooms to dust,
But from that tear-wet dust Thou bringest flowers.

Fairer and purer for the vanished night —
The long, lone wintry night when hope was o'er,
And Love stood shivering by some open grave,
And wrote upon its margin *"Nevermore" ;*
Blind Love, who could not see beyond the mould
And watch the new life quicken from decay,
Who could not trust the Lord who rules the night
To bring the blossoms of some fresh spring day.

MARIE B. WILLIAMS

THE VIOLET

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,

When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky — O, pass, ye visions, pass!
I would that I were dead! —

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
O vanished joy! O Love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

ORCHID

FROM what strange land beyond our ken
Com'st thou, O creature winged in white?
Art fairy from some distant fen?
Art saint from far-off mountain height?

Or art thou ghost of wandering bird,
Caught on a light stem's green-flushed tips?
Sure never sound hath mortal heard
Like music of thy wind-blown lips!

Perchance thou 'rt butterfly, escaped
From swinging crimson-flecked cocoon;
Thy pale wings like a crescent shaped
To greet the pallid crescent moon.

What angel from the clouds bent down
To kiss thy white face floating by,
And hold thee, who wert heaven's own,
And now art half of earth, half sky.

Thou creature of another sphere,
I scarcely breathe lest thou should'st fade!
How can'st thou find companion here,
Where thy white sheen makes all else fade?

Ah, fold thy wings, and loving eyes
Shall watch thy trysting with the moon;
And then, thou darling of the skies,
Fly far, with other joys of June.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

THE DAISY

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our town;
To hem I have so great affection,
As I said erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day
That I nam up and walking in the mede;
To seene this flour agenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it up riseth early by the morow,
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorow,
So glad am I whan that I have the presence
Of it, to done it all reverence;
And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
And ever shall, till that mine herte die;
All swere I not, of this I will not lie.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (*Legend of Good Women*).

DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER *

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blossoms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck,—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

TO A WIND-FLOWER

TEACH me the secret of thy loveliness,
That, being made wise, I may aspire to be
As beautiful in thought, and so express
Immortal truths to earth's mortality;

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Though to my soul ability be less
Than 'tis to thee, O sweet anemone.

Teach me the secret of thy innocence,
That in simplicity I may grow wise,
Asking from Art no other recompense
Than the approval of her own just eyes;
So may I rise to some fair eminence,
Though less than thine, O cousin of the skies.

Teach me these things, through whose high knowledge, I,—
When Death hath poured oblivion through my veins,
And brought me home, as all are brought, to lie
In that vast house, common to serfs and thanes,—
I shall not die, I shall not utterly die,
For beauty born of beauty — *that* remains.

MADISON CAWEIN.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring, ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields of waves or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place:
That is fit home for thee.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading voilets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside ; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music : do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listn'd motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth.

THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,— his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

. . . . . .

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee; —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,— in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime.
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,— they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

TO SENECA LAKE

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE SIERRAS

LIKE fragments of an uncompleted world,
From bleak Alaska, bound in ice and spray,
To where the peaks of Darien lie curled
In clouds, the broken lands loom bold and gray;
The seamen nearing San Francisco Bay
Forget the compass here; with sturdy hand
They seize the wheel, look up, then bravely lay
The ship to shore by rugged peaks that stand
The stern and proud patrician fathers of the land.

They stand white stairs of heaven,— stand a line
Of lifting, endless, and eternal white;
They look upon the far and flashing brine,
Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
Of Kamiakin's battlements. The flight
Of time is underneath their untopped towers;
They seem to push aside the moon at night,
To jostle and to loose the stars. The flowers
Of heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

They stand a line of lifted snowy isles,
High held above a tossed and tumbled sea,—
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles;
White pyramids of Faith where man is free;
White monuments of Hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song.
I look far down the hollow days; I see
The bearded prophets, simple soul'd and strong,
That strike the sounding harp and thrill the heeding throng.

Serene and satisfied! supreme! as lone
As God, they loom like God's archangels churl'd:

They look as cold as kings upon a throne;
The mantling wings of night are crush'd and curl'd
As feathers curl. The elements are hurl'd
From off their bosoms, and are bidden go,
Like evil spirits, to an under-world;
They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico,
A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.

JOAQUIN MILLER (*By the Sun-Down Seas*).

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?
Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge —
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! Sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !
Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast, —
Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me. — Rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SUNRISE

AT last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair;
And hurls his glistening beams through gloomy air.

EDMUND SPENSER (*The Faerie Queene*).

MORNING

LOOK, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Romeo and Juliet*).

DAWN

THE night was dark, though sometimes a faint star
A little while a little space made bright.
Dark was the night, and like an iron bar
Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea
Slowly, within the East, there grew a light
Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be
The herald of a greater. The pale white
Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height
Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew
Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East
Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.
It was as on the opening of a door
By one who in his hand a lamp doth hold
(Its flame yet hidden by the garment's fold), —
The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned
Dark and more dark against the brightening sky —
Sharper against the sky the long sea line.
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.
From rose to red the level heaven burned;

Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the ocean's rim.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (*The New Day*).

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity — dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!

. . . . . .

For wonderful indeed are all His works.
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight!
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when, at his word, the formless mass,
This World's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard His voice, and wild Uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.

JOHN MILTON (*Paradise Lost*).

NIGHT

O MAJESTIC Night!
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born,
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven throughout
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;

And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.

EDWARD YOUNG (*Night Thoughts*).

NIGHT

ALL heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.
All heaven and earth are still; from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

. . . . .

And this is in the night — most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black,— and now, the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand,—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother, Death, came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child, Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?" And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon,—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night,—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

STARS

YE stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,— 't is to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

DAY IS DYING

DAY is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day —
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
  Inly deeply flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure,—
  Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
  Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
  To the mighty Giver.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (GEORGE ELIOT)
(*The Spanish Gypsy*).

THE EVENING WIND

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice: thou
  That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
  Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
  Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone,— a thousand bosoms round
  Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
  Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
  Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
  Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
  Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
  Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
  The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
  And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,
  Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go,— but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more.
Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : oh, hear !

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own ?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unwaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE THUNDER-STORM

A BODING silence reigns
Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend ; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'T is listening fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls, but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain ; wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquenched,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine

Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur, heaped hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

JAMES THOMSON (*Summer*).

A THUNDER-STORM IN THE ALPS

THE sky is changed ! — and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

THE SNOW-STORM

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'T is brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods

Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits its evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

JAMES THOMSON (*Winter*).

BEFORE THE RAIN

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars show'd
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind; and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

AFTER THE RAIN

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE RAINBOW

THUS all day long the full distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed,
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amazed

Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

JAMES THOMSON (*Spring*).

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PART III

Dreams and Fancies

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

PART III

DREAMS AND FANCIES

DREAMERS

Ah, there be souls none understand,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town.
Then we look wise at this, and frown,
And we cry, "Fool!" and cry, "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchor'd ships, that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth;
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbor known;
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

Joaquin Miller (*Up the Nile*).

FANCIES

Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure;
They who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting, starve, laughing, weep,
Playing, smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them;
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!

John Ford.

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretch'd hands
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff; —
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled; —
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveil'd with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

In lofty lines,
Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ECHO AND SILENCE

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And, lo, she 's gone! — In robe of dark-green hue
'T was Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky;
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! for onward still,
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

INDIRECTION

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-master'd the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory reveal'd is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbol'd is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;

Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving ;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing ;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing ;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

"WE ARE THE MUSIC MAKERS"

WE are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH AGAIN

THEN give me back that time of pleasures,
While yet in joyous growth I sang,—
When, like a fount, the crowding measures
Uninterrupted gush'd and sprang !

Then bright mist veil'd the world before me,
In opening buds a marvel woke,
As I the thousand blossoms broke
Which every valley richly bore me!
I nothing had, and yet enough for youth —
Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.
Give unrestrain'd the old emotion,
The bliss that touch'd the verge of pain,
The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion, —
O, give me back my youth again!

(*From the German of Goethe.*)

IDLE SINGER OF AN EMPTY DAY

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die, —
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names rememberèd,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lull'd by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show
That through one window men beheld the spring,

And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where toss'd about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS (*The Earthly Paradise*).

IN OUR BOAT

STARS trembling o'er us and sunset before us,
Mountains in shadow and forests asleep;
Down the dim river we float on forever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not — there 's peace on the deep.

Come not, pale sorrow, flee till to-morrow;
Rest softly falling o'er eyelids that weep;
While down the river we float on forever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not — there's peace on the deep.

As the waves cover the depths we glide over,
So let the past in forgetfulness sleep,
While down the river we float on forever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not — there 's peace on the deep.

Heaven shine above us, bless all that love us;
All whom we love in thy tenderness keep!
While down the river we float on forever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not — there 's peace on the deep.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

CONVALESCENCE

THANK Heaven! the crisis,
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last, —
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move

As I lie at full length.—
But no matter! — I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead,—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses,
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*For Annie*).

THE ORCHARD-LANDS OF LONG AGO *

THE orchard-lands of Long Ago!
O drowsy winds, awake and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be!
Blow back along the grassy ways
Of truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard-lands of Long Ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds —
The lisp, the titter, and the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer-time a glorious wine

* By permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., from "Rhymes of Childhood," copyright, 1900.

That drenched the leaves that loved it so
In orchard-lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,
And golden russets glint and gleam
As in the old Arabian dream
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard-lands of Long Ago.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ALONE BY THE HEARTH

HERE, in my snug little fire-lit chamber,
Sit I alone;
And, as I gaze in the coals, I remember
Days long agone.
Saddening it is when the night has descended,
Thus to sit here,
Pensively musing on episodes ended
Many a year.

Still in my visions a golden-hair'd glory
Flits to and fro;
She whom I loved — but 't is just the old story:
Dead, long ago.

'T is but a wraith of love; yet I linger
(Thus passion errs),
Foolishly kissing the ring on my finger —
Once it was hers.

Nothing has changed since her spirit departed,
Here, in this room,
Save I, who, weary, and half broken-hearted,
Sit in the gloom.

Loud 'gainst the window the winter rain dashes,
Dreary and cold;
Over the floor the red fire-light flashes,
Just as of old.

Just as of old — but the embers are scatter'd,
Whose ruddy blaze
Flash'd o'er the floor where the fairy feet patter'd
In other days!

Then, her dear voice, like a silver chime ringing,
Melted away;
Often these walls have re-echo'd her singing,
Now hush'd for aye!

Why should love bring nought but sorrow, I wonder?
Everything dies!
Time and death, sooner or later, must sunder
Holiest ties.

Years have roll'd by; I am wiser and older —
Wiser, but yet
Not till my heart and its feelings grow colder,
Can I forget.

So, in my snug little fire-lit chamber,
Sit I alone;
And, as I gaze in the coals, I remember
Days long agone!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE WISTFUL DAYS

WHAT is there wanting in the Spring?
The air is soft as yesteryear;
The happy-nested green is here,
And half the world is on the wing.
The morning beckons, and like balm
Are westward waters blue and calm,
Yet something's wanting in the Spring.

What is wanting in the Spring?
O April, lover to us all,
What is so poignant in thy thrall
When children's merry voices ring?
What haunts us in the cooing dove
More subtle than the speech of Love,
What nameless lack or loss of Spring?

Let Youth go dally with the Spring,
Call her the dear, the fair, the young;
And all her graces ever sung
Let him, once more rehearsing, sing.
They know, who keep a broken tryst,
Till something from the Spring be miss'd
We have not truly known the Spring.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

AT BEST

THE faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

SHELLEY

AH, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at —
My starting moves your laughter!

I cross'd a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breath of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I pick'd up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark! O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*The Princess*).

EGYPTIAN SERENADE

SING again the song you sung
When we were together young,
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHIMNEY SWALLOWS

I SLEPT in an old homestead by the sea:
And in their chimney nest,
At night the swallows told home-lore to me,
As to a friendly guest.

A liquid twitter, low, confiding, glad,
From many glossy throats,
Was all the voice; and yet its accents had
A poem's golden notes.

Quaint legends of the fireside and the shore,
And sounds of festal cheer,
And tones of those whose tasks of love are o'er,
Were breathed into mine ear;

And wondrous lyrics, felt but never sung,
The heart's melodious bloom;
And histories, whose perfumes long have clung
About each hallowed room.

I heard the dream of lovers, as they found
At last their hour of bliss,
And fear and pain and long suspense were drown'd
In one heart-healing kiss.

I heard the lullaby of babes that grew
To men and daughters fair,
And childhood's laughter, mingling as they flew,
And tears of sweet prayer.

I heard the voyagers who went to sail
Into the unquiet sea;
And sad, weird voices in the autumn gale,
As the world sleeps west by;

And night supposed it and communed with and saw
Across the sullen bed,
And when it woke the sunless knew
That the dear one is dead;

And days of those who, in the harvest light,
Move with transfigured face,
And the long journey through the long, dark night,
The pillow empty place.

And lessons gleanings of old friends, whose path
Is yours and yours alone,
But to each other brought life's aftermath,
With unreturned heart.

The music of the heavens touch'd the strain,
But joy and laugh of flowers,
The orchard's ruddy and the yellow grain,
Brown stem and sunny showers.

And voices of the soul that denies and yearns
And grasps in vagrant dim,
Till, meeting Christ with raptured eye, discerns
His perfect life in Him.

O, memory of the Master and his years,
And how the birds are kept,
I rose in arms that lulled me from fears,
And like an infant, slept.

HARRIET NEWELL PRESCOTT.

THE WANDERER *

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell;
And to my listening ear this lonely thing
Over a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Over a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse"; copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Whether there dropp'd by some too careless hand,
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordain'd the day ?

Strange, was it not ? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang :
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the storied sea, profound and wide,—
Ever with echoes of old ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sang of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home ! sing, O my home, of thee !

EUGENE FIELD.

SONG

WE sail toward evening's lonely star,
That trembles in the tender blue ;
One single cloud, a dusky bar
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west ;
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caress'd !

The soft breeze freshens ; leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer ;
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Light-houses kindle far and near,
And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caress'd.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea;
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me !
Oh, realize the moment's charm,
Thou dearest ! We are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caress'd !

CELIA THAXTER.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE

WHAT though I sing no other song ?
What though I speak no other word ? —

Is silence shame ? Is patience wrong ? —
At least, one song of mine was heard :

One echo from the mountain air,
One ocean murmur, glad and free —
One sign that nothing grand or fair
In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre ;
I will not strain the chords of thought ;
The sweetest fruit of all desire
Comes its own way, and comes unsought.

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
And all their music pass'd away,
What Nature wishes should be said
She 'll find the rightful voice to say !

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
The drifting cloud, the lonely sky,
And all we know of bliss or grief
She speaks in forms that cannot die.

The mountain-peaks that shine afar,
The silent star, the pathless sea,
Are living signs of all we are,
And types of all we hope to be.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessèd damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge;
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
In joy no sorrow claims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their rapturous new names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curl'd moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearken'd? When those bells

Possess'd the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not pray'd in Heaven ? — on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I 'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirr'd continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith his Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumber'd heads
Bow'd with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me: —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listen'd and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrill'd towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes pray'd, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

IN THE MIST

SITTING all day in a silver mist,
In silver silence all the day,
Save for the low, soft hiss of spray
And the lisp of sands by waters kiss'd,
As the tide draws up the bay,

Little I hear and nothing I see,
Wrapped in that veil by fairies spun;
The solid earth is vanish'd for me,
And the shining hours speed noiselessly,
A woof of shadow and sun.

Suddenly out of the shifting veil
A magical bark, by the sunbeams lit,
Flits like a dream — or seems to flit —
With a golden prow and a gossamer sail,
And the waves make room for it.

A fair, swift bark from some radiant realm,—
Its diamond cordage cuts the sky
In glittering lines; all silently
A seeming spirit holds the helm,
And steers. Will he pass me by?

Ah, not for me is the vessel here;
Noiseless and swift as a sea-bird's flight
She swerves and vanishes from the sight;
No flap of sail, no parting cheer,—
She has passed into the light.

Sitting some day in a deeper mist,
Silent, alone, some other day,
An unknown bark, from an unknown bay,
By unknown waters lapp'd and kiss'd,
Shall near me through the spray.

No flap of sail, no scraping of keel;
Shadowy, dim, with a banner dark,
It will hover, will pause, and I shall feel
A hand which grasps me, and shivering steal
To the cold strand, and embark,—

Embark for that far, mysterious realm
Where the fathomless, trackless waters flow
Shall I feel a Presence dim, and know
Thy dear hand, Lord, upon the helm,
Nor be afraid to go?

And through black waves and stormy blast
And out of the fog-wreaths, dense and dun,
Guided by thee, shall the vessel run,
Gain the fair haven, night being past,
And anchor in the sun?

SARAH WOOLSEY (SUSAN COOLIDGE).

THE MENDICANTS

We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards who believe
And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,
As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great new-minted gold To-day.

Ungrateful heart and grudging thanks,
His beggar's wisdom only sees
Housing and bread and beer enough;
He knows no other things than these.

O foolish ones, put by your care!
Where wants are many, joys are few;
And at the wilding springs of peace,
God keeps an open house for you.

But that some Fortunatus' gift
Is lying there within his hand.
More costly than a pot of pearls,
His dullness does not understand.

And so his creature heart is filled;
His shrunken self goes starved away.
Let him wear brand-new garments still,
Who has a threadbare soul, I say.

But there be others, happier few,
The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,
And loiter through the woods with Spring;
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They too receive each one his Day;
But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coin,
And laughing flipp'd it in the air;

But when two strolling pipe-players
Came by, he toss'd it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
Danced to their wild outlandish bars;
Then supperless he laid him down
That night, and slept beneath the stars.

BLISS CARMAN.

UPON THE BEACH

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps the waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 't is, and scrupulous care,
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides —
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore,—
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they 've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwreck'd crew.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

A STRIP OF BLUE

I DO not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine —
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine —
Wild scents and subtile essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze

To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own pick'd crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew —
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes —
The people of the sky —
Guests in white raiment coming down
From Heaven, which is close by·
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaim'd from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones —
Sapphire and amethyst,
Wash'd from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kiss'd.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is open'd to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

*THE ROSE OF STARS**

WHEN Love, our great Immortal,
Put on mortality,
And down from Eden's portal
Brought this sweet life to be,
At the sublime archangel
He laugh'd with veilèd eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
The seed of Paradise.

He hid it in his bosom,
And there such warmth it found,
It brake in bud and blossom,
And the rose fell on the ground;
As the green light on the prairie,
As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
Came this sweet life to be.

And the grave archangel seeing
Spread his mighty wings for flight,
But the glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an Arctic night;
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
He heard the joyful planets
Hail Earth, the Rose of Stars.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

PRE-EXISTENCE

WHILE sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half-remember'd face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song —

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessing of a priestly prayer,—

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes
In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.

* From "Wild Eden," copyright, 1899, by The Macmillan Co.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,
A stranger on an alien strand,

Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge! not as dreams

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make old thoughts and memories plain —

Thoughts which perchance must travel back
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless æons; memories far,
High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE PASSIONATE READER TO HIS POET

DOTH it not thrill thee, Poet,
Dead and dust though thou art,
To feel how I press thy singing
Close to my heart?

Take it at night to my pillow,
Kiss it before I sleep,
And again when the delicate morning
Beginneth to peep?

See how I bathe thy pages
Here in the light of the sun;
Through thy leaves, as a wind among roses,
The breezes shall run.

Feel how I take thy poem
And bury within it my face,
As I press'd it last night in the heart of a flower,
Or deep in a dearer place.

Think, as I love thee, Poet,
A thousand love beside,

Dear women love to press thee too
Against a sweeter side.

Art thou not happy, Poet ?
I sometimes dream that I
For such a fragrant fame as thine
Would gladly sing and die.

Say, wilt thou change thy glory
For this same youth of mine ?
And I will give my days i' the sun
For that great song of thine.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walk'd together,
I and my darling, unafraid ;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of being on us weigh'd ;
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seem'd like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we stray'd together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honey'd heather
Swoon'd with the fragrance which they shed ;
And under the trees the angel walk'd,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talk'd
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we stray'd together,
Watching the waving harvests grow,
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipp'd to and fro ;
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broider'd fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glisten'd thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guess'd;
Only we knew that something crown'd us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Linger'd lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches love doth inherit!
Oh, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble, and dry, and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain,
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy, sunny weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow;
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
The wind blows cold, — 't is growing late;
Well, well! we have garner'd all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

RICHARD REALF.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH *

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet

* From "The Poetical Writings of Richard Henry Stoddard"; copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Follow'd youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanish'd,
And we sigh for it in vain :
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

SOME DAY OF DAYS

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace
I shall behold your face !
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter ? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care ;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 't will be —
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark, separating sea ;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

NORA PERRY.

"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT"

THE sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be ;
But never a one in the harbor
Is as white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight

Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach the height.

O distance, thou dear enchanter,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
O mountain, cold and gray;
O sail, in thy snowy whiteness,
Come not into port, I pray!

ANONYMOUS.

A BOOK

HE ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days;
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosen'd spirit brings!

EMILY DICKINSON.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

SLEEPING AND DREAMING

I SOFTLY sink into the bath of sleep;
With eyelids shut, I see around me close
The mottled, violet vapors of the deep,
That wraps me in repose.

I float all night in the ethereal sea
That drowns my pain and weariness in balm,
Careless of where its currents carry me,
Or settle into calm.

That which the ear can hear is silent all;
  But, in the lower stillness which I reach,
Soft whispers call me, like the distant fall
  Of waves upon the beach.

Now, like the mother, who, with patient care,
  Has soothed to rest her faint, o'erwearied boy,
My spirit leaves the couch, and seeks the air,
  For freedom and for joy.

Drunk up like vapors by the morning sun,
  The past and future rise and disappear,
And times and spaces gather home, and run
  Into a common sphere.

My youth is round me, and the silent tomb
  Has burst to set its fairest prisoner free,
And I await her in the dewy gloom
  Of the old trysting tree.

I mark the flutter of her snowy dress;
  I hear the tripping of her fairy feet;
And now, press'd closely in a pure caress,
  With ardent joy we meet.

I tell again the story of my love,
  I drink again her lip's delicious wine;
And, while the same old stars look down above,
  Her eyes look up to mine.

I dream that I am dreaming, and I start,
  Then dream that naught so real comes in dreams;
Then kiss again to re-assure my heart
  That she is what she seems.

Our steps tend homeward; lingering at the gate,
  I breathe, and breathe again, my fond good-night.
She shuts the cruel door, and still I wait
  To watch her window-light.

I see the shadow of her dainty head
  On curtains that I pray her hand may stir,
Till all is dark; and then I seek my bed
  To dream I dream of her.

Like the swift moon that slides from cloud to cloud,
  With only hurried space to smile between,
I pierce the phantoms that around me crowd,
  And glide from scene to scene.

I clasp warm hands that long have lain in dust,
  I hear sweet voices that have long been still;
And earth and sea give up their hallow'd trust
  In answer to my will.

And now, high-gazing toward the starry dome,
I see three airy forms come floating down —
The long-lost angels of my early home —
My night of joy to crown.

They pause above, beyond my eager reach,
With arms enwreathed and forms of heavenly grace,
And smiling back the love that smiles from each,
I see them face to face.

They breathe no language, but their holy eyes
Beam an embodied blessing on my heart,
That warm within my trustful bosom lies,
And never will depart.

I drink the effluence, till through all my soul
I feel a flood of peaceful rapture flow,
That swells to joy at last, and bursts control,
And I awake; but lo!

With eyelids shut, I hold the vision fast,
And still detain it by my ardent prayer,
Till faint and fainter grown, it fades at last
Into the silent air.

My God! I thank thee for the bath of sleep,
That wraps in balm my weary heart and brain,
And drowns within its waters still and deep
My sorrow and my pain.

I thank thee for my dreams, which loose the bond
That binds my spirit to its daily load,
And gives it angel wings, to fly beyond
Its slumber-bound abode.

I thank thee for these glimpses of the clime
That lies beyond the boundaries of sense,
Where I shall wash away the stains of time
In floods of recompense; —

Where, when this body sleeps to wake no more,
My soul shall rise to everlasting dreams,
And find unreal all it saw before,
And real all that seems.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

PART IV

Friendship and Sympathy

The pledge of Friendship: it is still divine,
Though watery floods have quench'd its burning wine:
Whatever vase the sacred drops may hold —
The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten gold —
Around its brim the hand of Nature throws
A garland sweeter than the banquet's rose.
Bright are the blushes of the vine-wreathed bowl,
Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's soul;
But dearer memories gild the tasteless wave
That fainting Sidney perish'd as he gave.
'T is the heart's current lends the cup its glow,
Whate'er the fountain whence the draught may flow.

PART IV

FRIENDSHIP AND SYMPATHY

FOREVER

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change —
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She 's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts,— whate'er we knowledge call —
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we 've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.

There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we 've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

OUR SISTER

HER face was very fair to see,
So luminous with purity: —
It had no roses, but the hue
Of lilies lustrous with their dew —
Her very soul seem'd shining through!

Her quiet nature seem'd to be
Tuned to each season's harmony.
The holy sky bent near to her;
She saw a spirit in the stir
Of solemn woods. The rills that beat
Their mosses with voluptuous feet,
Went dripping music through her thought.
Sweet impulse came to her unsought
From graceful things, and beauty took
A sacred meaning in her look.

In the great Master's steps went she
With patience and humility.
The casual gazer could not guess
Half of her veilèd loveliness;
Yet ah! what precious things lay hid
Beneath her bosom's snowy lid: —
What tenderness and sympathy,
What beauty of sincerity,
What fancies chaste, and loves, that grew
In heaven's own stainless light and dew!

True woman was she day by day
In suffering, toil, and victory.
Her life, made holy and serene
By faith, was hid with things unseen.
She knew what they alone can know
Who live above but dwell below.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,—
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,—
O, what shall part us now?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

TO THOMAS MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee!

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me
Here 's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Fill'd full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free;
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the eldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now;
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and releast,
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning-star with evening-star
His faultless fame.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essay'd it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fix'd too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A SOLDIER-POET

WHERE swell the songs thou shouldst have sung
By peaceful rivers yet to flow?
Where bloom the smiles thy ready tongue
Would call to lips that loved thee so?
On what far shore of being toss'd,
Dost thou resume the genial stave,
And strike again the lyre we lost
By Rappahannock's troubled wave?

If that new world hath hill and stream,
And breezy bank, and quiet dell,
If forest murmur, waters gleam,
And wayside flowers their story tell,
Thy hand ere this has pluck'd the reed
That waver'd by the wooded shore;
Its prisoned soul thy fingers freed,
To float melodious evermore.

So seems it to my musing mood,
So runs it in my surer thought,
That much of beauty, more of good,
For thee the rounded years have wrought;
That life will live, however blown
Like vapor on the summer air;
That power perpetuates its own;
That silence here is music there.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON

WHILST in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We 'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
  Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
  With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
  A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
  And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
  The scaly people to betray,
We 'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
  To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour
  Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
  Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
  Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then — should you not deign to come,
  You make all this a flattering dream.

CHARLES COTTON.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

COME, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy:
  Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
  Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
  Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
  All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You 'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
  And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on through zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances,
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win;

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God:

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many, and many a happy year.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

TO VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR in poesy! Victor in romance!
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears!
French of the French and lord of human tears!
Child-lover, bard, whose fame-lit laurels glance,
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!
Weird Titan, by thy wintry weight of years
As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
Who does not love our England, so they say;
I know not! England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people, ere man's race be run;

And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England, in the boy, my son.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

FOR THE MOORE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

[MAY 28, 1879.]

I

ENCHANTER of Erin, whose magic has bound us,
Thy wand for one moment we fondly would claim,
Entranced while it summons the phantoms around us
That blush into life at the sound of thy name.

The tell-tales of memory wake from their slumbers —
I hear the old song with its tender refrain;
What passion lies hid in those honey-voiced numbers!
What perfume of youth in each exquisite strain!

The home of my childhood comes back as a vision —
Hark! Hark! A soft chord from its song-haunted room!
'T is a morning of May, when the air is Elysian —
The syringa in bud and the lilac in bloom —

We are clustered around the "Clementi" piano —
There were six of us then — there are two of us now;
She is singing — the girl with the silver soprano —
How "The Lord of the Valley" was false to his vow:

"Let Erin remember" the echoes are calling —
Through "The Vale of Avoca" the waters are rolled —
"The Exile" laments while the night-dews are falling —
"The Morning of Life" dawns again as of old.

But ah, those warm love-songs of fresh adolescence!
Around us such raptures celestial they flung
That it seem'd as if Paradise breathed its quintessence
Through the seraph-toned lips of the maiden that sung!

Long hush'd are the chords that my boyhood enchanted
As when the smooth wave by the angel was stirr'd,
Yet still with their music is memory haunted
And oft in my dreams are their melodies heard.

I feel like the priest to his altar returning —
The crowd that was kneeling no longer is there;
The flame has died down, but the brands are still burning,
And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the air.

II

The veil for her bridal young Summer is weaving
In her azure-domed hall with its tapestried floor,
And Spring the last tear-drops of May-dew is leaving
On the daisy of Burns and the shamrock of Moore.

How like, how unlike, as we view them together,
The song of the minstrels whose record we scan —
One fresh as the breeze blowing over the heather,
One sweet as the breath from an odalisque's fan!

Ah, passion can glow 'mid a palace's splendor;
The cage does not alter the song of the bird,
And the curtain of silk has known whispers as tender
As ever the blossoming hawthorn has heard.

No fear lest the step of the soft-slipper'd Graces
Should fright the young Loves from their warm little nest,
For the heart of a queen, under jewels and laces,
Beats time with the pulse in the peasant-girl's breast!

Thrice welcome each gift of kind Nature's bestowing!
Her fountain heeds little the goblet we hold;
Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,
The shell from the seaside, the chalice of gold.

The twins of the lyre to her voices had listened;
Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's shrine;
For Coila's loved minstrel the holly-wreath glisten'd;
For Erin's the rose and the myrtle entwine.

And while the fresh blossoms of Summer are braided
For the sea-girdled, stream-silver'd, lake-jewell'd isle,
While her mantle of vendure is woven unfaded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and smile,

The land where the staff of Saint Patrick was planted,
Where the shamrock grows green from the cliffs to the shore,
The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,
Shall wreathe her bright harp with the garlands of Moore!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A FRIEND'S GREETING

[TO J. G. WHITTIER, ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.]

SNOW-BOUND for earth, but summer-soul'd for thee,
Thy natal morning shines:
Hail, friend and poet. Give thy hand to me,
And let me read its lines!

For skill'd in fancy's palmistry am I,
When years have set their crown;

When life gives light to read its secrets by,
And deed explains renown.

So, looking backward from thy seventieth year
On service grand and free,
The pictures of thy spirit's past are clear,
And each interprets thee.

I see thee, first, on hills our Aryan sires
In time's lost morning knew,
Kindling as priest the lonely altar-fires
That from earth's darkness grew.

Then wise with secrets of Chaldæan lore,
In high Akkadian fane;
Or pacing slow by Egypt's river-shore,
In Thothmes' glorious reign.

I hear thee, wroth with all iniquities
That Judah's kings betray'd,
Preach from Ain-Jidi's rock thy God's decrees,
Or Mamre's terebinth shade.

And, ah! most piteous vision of the past,
Drawn by thy being's law,
I see thee, martyr, in the arena cast,
Beneath the lion's paw.

Yet, afterwards, how rang thy sword upon
The Paynim helm and shield!
How shone with Godfrey, and at Askalon,
Thy white plume o'er the field.

Strange contradiction! where the sand waves spread
The boundless desert sea,
The Bedouin spearmen found their destined head,
Their dark-eyed chief — in thee!

And thou wert friar in Cluny's saintly cell,
And Skald by Norway's foam,
Ere fate of poet fix'd thy soul to dwell
In this New England home.

Here art thou poet,— more than warrior, priest;
And here thy quiet years
Yield more to us than sacrifice or feast,
Or clash of swords or spears.

The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
These thou wert sent to teach:

Hot blood of battle, beating in thy veins,
  Is turn'd to gentle speech.

Not less, but more, than others hast thou striven;
  Thy victories remain:
The scars of ancient hate, long since forgiven,
  Have lost their power to pain.

Apostle pure of freedom and of right,
  Thou had'st thy one reward:
Thy prayers were heard, and flashed upon thy sight
  The coming of the Lord!

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs,
  Slumbers the blade of truth;
But age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs
  The eager hope of youth.

Another line upon thy hand I trace,
  All destinies above:
Men know thee most as one that loves his race,
  And bless thee with their love!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

PART V

Love

PART V

Love

Ah, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in his heart by night.

PART V

LOVE

WAKE NOW, MY LOVE

WAKE now, my Love, awake! for it is time:
The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,
And carroll of Love's praise:
The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The thrush replyes; the mavis descant playes;
The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes meriment.
Ah! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The deawy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

EDMUND SPENSER (*Epithalamion*).

TRUE LOVE

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given ;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides ;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;
I cherish his because in me it bides :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

BEN JONSON.

SONG

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

EDMUND WALLER.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE

HERE she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow.
The world may find the Spring by following her
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,

Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk !
But like the soft west-wind she shot along,
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot !

BEN JONSON.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

WHEN love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.

As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamour'd, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead 's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too, and down he throws
The coral of his lip — the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how;
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win;
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me?

JOHN LYLY.

CHERRY RIPE

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow,
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALISON.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her: —
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

JULIA

SOME ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girle,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The quarelets of pearl.

One ask'd me where the roses grew;
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ABSENCE

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Cymbeline*).

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hill and valley, grove and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PAIN OF LOVE

To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
To welcome life, and die a living death,
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,
To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,
To tread a maze that never shall have end,
To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,
To climb a hill, and never to descend,
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,
To pine for food, and watch th' Hesperian tree,
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,
To live accurs'd, whom men hold blest to be,
And weep those wrongs which never creature saw ;
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

HOW MANY TIMES

How many times do I love thee, dear ?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,

Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of the evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star
So many times do I love, again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SWEET

I DO confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets.
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

A PARTING

SINCE there 's no help, come let us kiss and part:
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes, —
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills !
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow !
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides !
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave !

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Robert Burns.

O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border ?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever ;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee ;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;

He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, " I canna wrang thee !"

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

FIRST LOVE

'T is sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep ;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear ;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf ; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing ; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;
Sweet is revenge, especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

. . . . . .

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink ; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife ; 't is sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world ; and dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love, — it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
The tree of knowledge has been plucked, — all 's known, —
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

LORD BYRON (*Don Juan*).

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways :
I love thee to the depth and breath and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of each day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life ! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ASK ME NO MORE

ASK me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But, O too fond, when have I answered thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed :
I strove against the stream, and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main :
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
Ask me no more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*The Princess*).

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee ;
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy —
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE DEPARTURE

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold ;
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess follow'd him.

"I 'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss ;"
"O, wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love, 't was such as this and this ;"
And o'er them many a silding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent bark;
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?
"O, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she follow'd him.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*The Day-Dream*).

ADIEU

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If naught but pain to me remain,
I 'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I 'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
My dear,
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part, —
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;

We blessed were as the angels are, —
Adieu forever now,
My dear,
Adieu forever now.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

O SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O, were I thou, that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ?

O, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown ;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O, tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*The Princess*)

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be !
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor ;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing, —
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

*ANNIE LAURIE**

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'll lay me doun and die.

She 's backit like the peacock,
She 's breistit like the swan,
She 's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'll lay me down and die.

DOUGLAS.

JENNY KISSED ME

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;

* Original version, composed previous to 1688.

Say that health and wealth have miss'd me;
Say I 'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'T is thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,
I hear, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SEPARATION

O DAYS and hours, your work is this:
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

ABSENCE

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BONNIE MARY

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar
The battle closes thick and bloody.

It 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar —
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

THREE KISSES

FIRST time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd
The finger of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second pass'd in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half miss'd,
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how? —
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O belovèd as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
O press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

O, MY Luve 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June;
O, my Luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I WONDER do you feel to-day
As I have felt, since, hand in hand,
We sat down on the grass, to stray
In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May?

For me, I touch'd a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it! First it left
The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
Some old tomb's ruin; yonder weed
Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amass'd
Five beetles, — blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal: and last,

Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast!

The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air —
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life there, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles perform'd in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting Nature have her way
While Heaven looks from its towers!

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above!
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more.
Nor yours, nor mine, — nor slave nor free!
Where does the fault lie? what the core
Of the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your soul's springs, — your part, my part
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth, — I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak —
Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far
Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fix'd by no friendly star?

Just when I seem'd about to learn!
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern —
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DORIS

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden :
Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers ;
I sat and woo'd her through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer roses of rare perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hush'd and hearken'd
Till shades had darken'd from gloss to gloom.

She touch'd my shoulder with fearful finger :
She said, " We linger ; we must not stay ;
My flock 's in danger, my sheep will wander :
Behold them yonder — how far they stray ! "

I answer'd bolder, " Nay, let me hear you
And still be near you, and still adore ;
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling ;
Ah ! stay, my darling, a moment more ! "

She whisper'd, sighing : " There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day ;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded, and sent away. "

Said I, replying : " If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home ;
And well rewarded by friends and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come. "

" They might remember, " she answered meekly,
" That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild ;
But if they love me 't is none so fervent ;
I am a servant, and not a child. "

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply :
" Ah ! do but prove me, and none shall bind you
Nor fray nor find you, until I die. "

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine ;
But I did brave them — I told her plainly
She doubted vainly ; she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally the nibbling ewes,
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her —
My Doris tender, my Doris true :

That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
With love excelling and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONGING

COME to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: *My love! why sufferest thou?*

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

JANETTE'S HAIR

OH, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair — my pet;
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulder white;
Your beautiful dark brown hair — my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss — my pet;
'T was a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'T was a thing to be braided, and jewell'd, and kiss'd —
'T was the loveliest hair in the world — my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown — my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair — my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette.
Revealing the old, dear story — my pet;
They were gray with that chasten'd tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they match'd with your golden hair — my pet.

Your lips — but I have no words, Janette —
They were fresh as the twitter of birds — my pet,
When the spring is young, and roses are wet,
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair — my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'T was a silken and golden snare — my pet;

But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmesh'd in your hair — my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair — my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair — my pet.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE

NEVER the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
This path — how soft to pace!
This May — what magic weather!
Where is the loved one's face?
In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
But the house is narrow, the place is bleak
Where, outside, rain and wind combine
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,
With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,
With a malice that marks each word, each sign!
O enemy sly and serpentine,
Uncoil thee from the waking man!
Do I hold the Past
Thus firm and fast
Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?
This path so soft to pace shall lead
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!
Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and strangers: we —
Oh, close, safe, warm, sleep I and she,
— I and she!

ROBERT BROWNING.

WE TWAIN

OH, earth and heaven are far apart!
But what if they were one,
And neither you nor I, sweetheart,
Had any way misdone?
When we like laughing rivers fleet,
That cannot choose but flow,
Among the flowers should meet and greet,
Should meet and mingle so,
Sweetheart —
That would be sweet, I know.

No need to swerve and drift apart,
Or any bliss resign;
Then I should be all yours, sweetheart,
And you would be all mine.
But ah! to rush, defiled and brown,
From thaw of smirchèd snow,
To spoil the corn, beat down and drown
The rath red lilies low —
Sweetheart,
I do not want you so.

For you and I are far apart;
And never may we meet,
Till you are glad and grand, sweetheart,
Till I am fair and sweet.
Till morning light has kiss'd us white
As highest Alpine snow,
Till both are brave and bright of sight —
Go wander high or low,
Sweetheart;
For God will have it so.

Oh, heaven and earth are far apart!
If you are bond or free,
And if you climb or crawl, sweetheart,
Can no way hinder me.
But see you come in lordly state,
With mountain winds aglow,
When I by dazzling gate shall wait,
To meet and love you so,
Sweetheart!
That will be heaven, I know.

AMANDA T. JONES.

A MATCH

IF love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,

With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We 'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We 'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We 'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

KISS ME SOFTLY

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —
Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —
Envy, too, has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When lovers may love with never a fear; —
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

PEARLS

NOT what the chemists say they be,
Are pearls — they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips,
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid —
I do but kiss a pearl!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE BROOKSIDE

I WANDER'D by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow, —
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not —
The night came on alone —
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder —
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer — nearer —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

IF YOU WERE HERE

A SONG IN WINTER

O LOVE, if you were here
This dreary, weary day, —
If your lips, warm and dear,
Found some sweet word to say, —
Then hardly would seem drear
These skies of wintry gray.

But you are far away, —
How far from me, my dear!
What cheer can warm the day?
My heart is chill with fear,
Pierced through with swift dismay;
A thought has turn'd Life sere:

If you from far away
Should come not back, my dear;
If I no more might lay
My hand on yours, nor hear
That voice, now sad, now gay,
Caress my listening ear;

If you from far away
Should come no more, my dear, —
Then with what dire dismay
Year join'd to hostile year
Would frown, if I should stay
Where memories mock and jeer!

But I would come away
To dwell with you, my dear;
Through unknown worlds to stray,—
Or sleep; nor hope, nor fear,
Nor dream beneath the clay
Of all our days that were.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE OLD STORY

My heart is chill'd and my pulse is slow,
But often and often will memory go,
Like a blind child lost in a waste of snow,
Back to the days when I loved you so —
The beautiful long ago.

I sit here dreaming them through and through,
The blissful moments I shared with you —
The sweet, sweet days when our love was new,
When I was trustful and you were true —
Beautiful days, but few!

Blest or wretched, fetter'd or free,
Why should I care how your life may be,
Or whether you wander by land or sea?
I only know you are dead to me,
Ever and hopelessly.

Oh, how often at day's decline
I push'd from my window the curtaining vine,
To see from your lattice the lamp-light shine —
Type of a message that, half divine,
Flash'd from your heart to mine.

Once more the starlight is silvering all;
The roses sleep by the garden wall;
The night bird warbles his madrigal,
And I hear again through the sweet air fall
The evening bugle call.

But summers will vanish and years will wane,
And bring no light to your window pane;
No gracious sunshine nor patient rain
Can bring dead love back to life again:
I call up the past in vain.

My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves dross which I counted gold;
I watch no longer your curtain's fold;
The window is dark and the night is cold,
And the story forever told.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (FLORENCE PERCY).

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met — and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long pass'd to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence — our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vow'd we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echo'd the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealèd book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence — we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

THE WHITE BIRDS

I WOULD that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea :
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can pass by and flee ;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that never may die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-dabbled, the lily and rose,
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew :
For I would we were changed to white birds on the white foam — I and you.

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and sorrow come near us no more :
Soon far from the rose and the lily, the fret of the flames, would we be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoy'd out on the foam of the sea.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

EVENING SONG

LOOK off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea :
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands —
Ah ! longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'T is done.
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart ;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O Night ! divorce our sun and sky apart, —
Never our lips, our hands.

SIDNEY LANIER.

O, SAW YE THE LASS ?

O, SAW ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een ?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween ;
She 's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild-flowers welcome the wandering bee ;

But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen
Is the maid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She 'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again ;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I 'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.
As the dove that has wander'd away from his nest
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

RICHARD RYAN.

SERENADE

[FOR MUSIC]

THE western wind is blowing fair
  Across the dark Ægean sea,
And at the secret marble stair
  My Tyrian galley waits for thee.
Come down ! the purple sail is spread,
  The watchman sleeps within the town ;
O leave thy lily-flower'd bed,
  O Lady mine, come down, come down !

She will not come, I know her well,
  Of lover's vows she hath no care,
And little good a man can tell
  Of one so cruel and so fair.
True love is but a woman's toy,
  They never know the lover's pain,
And I, who loved as loves a boy,
  Must love in vain, must love in vain.

O noble pilot, tell me true,
  Is that the sheen of golden hair ?
Or is it but the tangled dew
  That binds the passion-flowers there ?
Good sailor, come and tell me now,
  Is that my lady's lily hand ?
Or is it but the gleaming prow,
  Or is it but the silver sand ?

No ! no ! 't is not the tangled dew,
  'T is not the silver-fretted sand,
It is my own dear Lady true
  With golden hair and lily hand !
O noble pilot, steer for Troy !
  Good sailor, ply the laboring oar !

This is the Queen of life and joy
Whom we must bear from Grecian shore!

The waning sky grows faint and blue;
It wants an hour still of day;
Aboard! aboard! my gallant crew,
O Lady mine, away! away!
O noble pilot, steer for Troy!
Good sailor, ply the laboring oar!
O loved as only loves a boy!
O loved forever, evermore!

OSCAR WILDE.

LOVE SCORNS DEGREES

LOVE scorns degrees; the low he lifteth high,
The high he draweth down to that fair plain
Whereon, in his divine equality,
Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain;
'Gainst such sweet levelling Custom cries amain,
But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh,
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious still,
For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (*The Mountain of the Lovers*).

A SONG OF KRISHNA

I KNOW where Krishna tarries in these early days of spring,
When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance on its wing;
Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the clove,
In jungles where the bees hum and the Koïl flutes her love;
He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
All in the budding spring-time, for 't is sad to be alone.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely hold
Hand fast in hand, and every branch upon the Vakul-tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every bloom a bee;
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving tone,
In the soft awakening spring-time, when 't is hard to live alone.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest tread,
Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white blush modest red,
And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk-glades
Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering youths and maids;
'T is there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is done,
All in the sunny spring time, when who can live alone?

EDWIN ARNOLD (*The Indian Song of Songs*).

RECOMPENSE

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired, yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight —
The thought of thee — and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
I run, I run, I am gather'd to thy heart.

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

BIRD OF PASSAGE

AS THE day's last light is dying,
As the night's first breeze is sighing,
I send you, love, like a messenger-dove, my thought through the distance flying;
Let it perch on your sill; or, better,
Let it feel your soft hand's fetter,
While you search and bring, from under its wing, love, hidden away like a letter.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE LOVE-LETTER

THE way I read a letter 's this:
'T is first I lock the door,
And push it with my fingers next,
For transport it be sure.

And then I go the furthest off,
To counteract a knock;
Then draw my little letter forth
And softly pick its lock.

Then, glancing narrow at the wall,
And narrow at the floor,
For firm conviction of a mouse
Not exorcised before,

Peruse how infinite I am
To — no one that you know!
And sigh for lack of heaven, — but not
The heaven the creeds bestow.

EMILY DICKINSON.

I FEAR THY KISSES

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE

OH! give me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought;
And fondly hoped, dear Love, your heart from mine
Its spell had caught;
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
But true, methought,
Of how my life's long task would be, to make yours blessed as it ought.

To learn to love sweet Nature more
For your sweet sake,
To watch with you — dear friend, with you! —
Its wonders break;
The sparkling spring in that bright face to see
Its mirror make —
On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
By linn and lake;
And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a grander music wake!

To wake the old weird world that sleeps
In Irish lore;
The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung
By Mulla's shore;
Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds
That shine and soar;

Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows
That Grattan swore;
The songs that once our own dear Davis sung — ah, me! to sing no more.

And all those proud old victor-fields
We thrill to name,
Whose memories are the stars that light
Long nights of shame;
The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the Power, the Keep,
That still proclaim
In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep
Was Eirè's fame:
Oh! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear friend we two have loved the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tenderer still
Methought did seem
That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home
By Dodder's stream,
The morning smile, that grew a fixèd star
With love-lit beam,
The ringing laugh, lock'd hands, and all the far
And shining stream
Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a dream.

For still to me, dear Friend, dear Love,
Or both — dear Wife,
Your image comes with serious thoughts,
But tender, rife;
No idle plaything to caress or chide
In sport or strife,
But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
To walk through life,
Link'd hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true husband and true wife.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

TOGETHER

I DREAMED of Paradise, — and still,
Though sun lay soft on vale and hill
And trees were green and rivers bright,
The one dear thing that made delight
By sun or stars or Eden weather,
Was just that we two were together.

I dream'd of Heaven, — with God so near!
The angels trod the shining sphere,

And each was beautiful ; the days
Were choral work, were choral praise :
  And yet in Heaven's far-shining weather
  The best was still — we were together !

I woke, — and lo, my dream was true,
That happy dream of me and you !
For Eden, Heaven, no need to roam, —
The foretaste of it all is Home,
  Where you and I through this world's weather
  Still work and praise and thank together.

Together weave from love a nest
For all that's good and sweet and blest
To brood in, till it come a face,
A voice, a soul, a child's embrace, —
  And then what peace of Bethlehem weather,
  What songs, as we go on together !

Together greet life's solemn real,
Together own one glad ideal,
Together laugh, together ache,
And think one thought, " each other's sake, "
  And hope one hope, — in new-world weather
  To still go on, and go together !

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING

I saw two clouds at morning,
  Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
  And mingled into one ;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
  Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
  In peace each other greeting ;
Calm was their course, through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
  Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
  Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease,
A purer sky where all is peace.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.

LOVE'S WISDOM

How long I've loved thee, and how well —
I dare not tell!
Because, if thou shouldst once divine
This love of mine,
Or did but once my tongue confess
My heart's distress,
Far, far too plainly thou wouldst see
My slavery,
And, guessing what Love's wit should hide,
Rest satisfied!

So, though I worship at thy feet,
I 'll be discreet —
And all my love shall not be told,
Lest thou be cold,
And, knowing I was always thine,
Scorn to be mine.
So I am dumb, to rescue thee
From tyranny —
And, by my silence, I do prove
Wisdom and Love!

MARGARET DELAND.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil ?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still ?
Speak now — lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange ?
It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake —
Not thou — had been to blame ?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not, — I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate, —
Whatever on my heart may fall — remember, I would risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

Let 's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
— Only sleep!

What so wild as words are ?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek.

What so false as truth is,
False to thee ?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree —

Where the apple reddens,
Never pry —
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought —

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow,
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

— Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

ROBERT BROWNING.

O LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

O, LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We 're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'T is long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'T will shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown,
We 'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

PART VI

Liberty and Patriotism

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

PART VI

LIBERTY AND PATRIOTISM

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face —

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who God-like grasps the triple forks,
And king-like wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

LOVE OF LIBERTY

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful and successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,

My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man, the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellows guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own ; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

WILLIAM COWPER (*The Task*).

INDEPENDENCE

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye ;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,

In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow;
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (*Ode to Independence*).

THE HILLS WERE MADE FOR FREEDOM

WHEN Freedom from her home was driven,
'Mid vine-clad vales of Switzerland,
She sought the glorious Alps of heaven,
And there, 'mid cliffs by lightnings riven,
Gather'd her hero-band.

And still outrings her freedom-song,
Amid the glaciers sparkling there,
At Sabbath bell, as peasants throng
Their mountain fastnesses along,
Happy, and free as air.

The hills were made for freedom; they
Break at a breath the tyrant's rod;
Chains clank in valleys; there the prey
Writhes 'neath Oppression's heel alway:
Hills bow to none but God!

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN (*Vermont.*)

DOWNFALL OF POLAND

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;

Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death! — the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm! —

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew: —
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career; —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (*Pleasures of Hope*).

THE FALL OF GREECE

CLIME of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free, —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page;
Attest it, many a deathless age;
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,

A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

LORD BYRON (*The Giaour*).

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

NATIONAL DECAY

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, Innocence and Health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that Folly pays to Pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*The Deserted Village*).

FAIR GREECE! SAD RELIC OF DEPARTED WORTH

FAIR Greece! sad relic of departed worth !
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait,—
O, who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb ?

. . . . . .

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? No !
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;

Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ; —
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (*The Vanity of Human Wishes*).

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No : — men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain, —
These constitute a State ;
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks ;
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks ;
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !
No more shall Freedom smile ?

Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'T is folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

A CURSE ON THE TRAITOR

O FOR a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessèd cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim, —
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame;
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die, —
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

THOMAS MOORE (*Lalla Rookh*).

ENGLAND

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O, raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MOTHER ENGLAND

I

THERE was a rover from a western shore,
England! whose eyes the sudden tears did drown,
Beholding the white cliff and sunny down
Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's uproar.
I, for a moment, dream'd that, long before,
I had beheld them thus, when, with the frown
Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and crown
Thou from the tilting field of nations bore.
Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first;
But when in fields I saw the tender flame
Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at play,
Meseem'd I at thy breast, like these, was nursed;
Then mother — Mother England! — home I came
Like one who hath been all too long away!

II

As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay,
A thought awoke and restless stirr'd in me:
"My land and congeners are beyond the sea,
Theirs is the morning and the evening day.
Wilt thou give ear while this of them I say? —
'Haughty art thou, and they are bold and free,
As well befits who have descent from thee,
And who have trodden brave the forlorn way.
Children of thine, but grown to strong estate;
Nor scorn from thee would they be slow to pay,
Nor check from thee submissly would they bear;
Yet Mother England! yet their hearts are great,
And if for thee should dawn some darkest day,
At cry of thine, how proudly would they dare!'"

EDITH M. THOMAS.

AVE IMPERATRIX

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide!

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strain'd and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blacken'd jaws are seen
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crown'd by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turban'd merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat,

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapp'd wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England — she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain —
Some tarnish'd epaulette — some sword —
Poor toys to soothe such anguish'd pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, laid to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And those whose wounds are never heal'd,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crown'd head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land —
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
The care that groweth never old ?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest like, on every main ?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet ?
Where is our English chivalry ?
Wild grasses are their burial sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send ?
O wasted dust ! O senseless clay !
Is this the end ? is this the end ?

Peace, peace ! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so ;
Though childless, and with thorn-crown'd head,
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

OSCAR WILDE.

TO ENGLAND

Now England lessens on my sight ;
The bastion'd front of Wales,
Discolor'd and indefinite,
There like a cloud-wreath sails :
A league, and all those thronging hills
Must sink beneath the sea ;
But while one touch of Memory thrills
They yet shall stay with me.

I claim no birthright in yon sod,
Though thence my blood and name ;
My sires another region trod,
Fought for another fame ;
Yet a son's tear this moment wrongs
My eager watching eyes,
Land of the lordliest deeds and songs
Since Greece was great and wise !

Thou hedgerow thing that queen'st the Earth,
What magic hast ? — what art ?
A thousand years of work and worth
Are cluster'd at thy heart :
The ghosts of those that made thee free
To throng thy hearth are wont ;
And as thy richest reliquary
Thou wear'st thy Abbey's front !

Aye, ere my distance is complete
I see thy heroes come
And crowd yon shadowy mountain seat,
Still guardians of their home ;
Thy Drake, thy Nelson, and thy Bruce
Glow out o'er dusky tides ;
The rival Roses blend in truce,
And King with Roundhead rides.

And with these phantoms born to last,
A storm of music breaks ;
And bards, pavilion'd n the past, —
Each from his tomb awakes !
The ring and glitter of thy swords,
Thy lovers' bloom and breath,
By them transmuted into words,
Redeem the world from death.

My path is West! My heart before
Bounds o'er the dancing wave ;
Yet something 's left I must deplore —
A magic wild and grave :
Though Honor live and Romance dwell
By mine own streams and woods,
Yet not in spire and keep so well
Are built such lofty moods.

England, perchance our love were more
If we were match'd and met
In battle squadron on the shore,
Or here on ocean set :
How were all other banners furl'd
If that great duel rose !
For we alone in all the world
Are worthy to be foes.

If we should fail or you should fly,
'T were but a twinn'd disgrace,
For both are bound to bear on high
The laurels of one race : —
No fear ! new blooms shall bud above
Upon the ancient wreath,

For both can gentle be to Love,
And insolent to Death.

Land of the lion-hearted brood,
I breathe a last adieu;
To Her who reigns across the flood
My loyalty is true:
But with my service to her o'er,
Thou, England, own'st the rest,
For I must worship and adore
Whate'er is brave and best.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CANADA

A CHILD of Nations, giant-limb'd,
Who stand'st among the nations now,
Unheeded, unadored, unhymn'd,
With unanointed brow:

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame;
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurl'd
The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future: all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenstown, and at Lundy's Lane:
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes, — beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall, —
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide, —
Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands;
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mix'd with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done, —
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE BETTER COUNTRY

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*The Traveller*).

MAZZINI

A LIGHT is out in Italy,
A golden tongue of purest flame;
We watch'd it burning, long and lone,
And every watcher knew its name,
And knew from whence its fervor came:
That one rare light of Italy,
Which put self-seeking souls to shame!

This light which burnt for Italy
Through all the blackness of her night,
She doubted, once upon a time,
Because it took away her sight;
She looked and said, "There is no light!"
It was thine eyes, poor Italy!
That knew not dark apart from bright.

This flame which burnt for Italy,
It would not let her haters sleep;
They blew at it with angry breath,
And only fed its upward leap,
And only made it hot and deep.
Its burning show'd us Italy,
And all the hopes she had to keep.

This light is out in Italy,
Her eyes shall seek for it in vain!
For her sweet sake it spent itself,
Too early flickering to its wane —
Too long blown over by her pain.
Bow down and weep, O Italy,
Thou canst not kindle it again!

LAURA C. REDDEN SEARING (HOWARD GLYNDON).

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

GREEN fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast,
If but in thee my lot be cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SAXON GRIT

WORN with the battle by Stamford town,
Fighting the Norman by Hastings bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,
While the acorns were falling one autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land:
By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,
"You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry greenwood went bold Robin Hood,
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipp'd out his knife,
And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
And by breaking a head, made a hole in the Crown.

From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
"Our life shall not be by the King's permit;
We will fight for the right, we want no more;"
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
To a nobler stature grew alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

. . . . .

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free,
Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand —
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men,
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines;
Great with the rifle and great with the axe —
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar,
But a little too anxious about a good trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on that autumn day,
So this new manhood in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway:
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE PATRIOT'S DEATH

COME to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song and dance and wine —
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (*Marco Bozzaris*).

WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

BANNOCKBURN

AT Bannockburn the English lay —
The Scots they were na far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed: —

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;

See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven, —
Child of the Sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'T is the star-spangled banner ! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation ;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, " In God is our trust. "
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

GOD SAVE THE KING

[ENGLISH NATIONAL ANTHEM]

GOD save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

HENRY CAREY.

FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory:
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary —
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our walls and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden they would lead us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons' bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death!

(*From the French of Rouget de Lisle.*)

PRUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

I AM a Prussian! see my colors gleaming —
The black-white standard floats before me free;
For Freedom's rights, my father's heart-blood streaming,
Such, mark ye, mean the black and white to me!
Shall I then prove a coward? I 'll e'er be to the toward!
Though day be dull, though sun shine bright on me,
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!

Before the throne with love and faith I 'm bending,
Whence, mildly good, I hear a parent's tone;
With filial heart, obedient ear I'm lending;
The father trusts — the son defends the throne!
Affection's ties are stronger — live, O my country, longer!
The King's high call o'erflows my breast so free;
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!

Not every day hath sunny light of glory;
A cloud, a shower, sometimes dulls the lea;
Let none believe my face can tell the story,
That every wish unfruitful is to me.
How many far and nearer would think exchange much dearer?
Their Freedom's naught — how then compare with me?
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be.

And if the angry elements exploding,
The lightnings flash, the thunders loudly roar,
Hath not the world oft witness'd such foreboding?
No Prussian's courage can be tested more.
Should rock and oak be riven, to terror I 'm not driven;
Be storm and din, let flashes gleam so free —
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!

Where love and faith so round the monarch cluster,
Where Prince and People so clasp firm their hands,

'T is there alone true happiness can muster,
Thus showing clear how firm the nation's bands.
Again confirm the lealty! the honest, noble lealty!
Be strong the bond, strike hands, dear hearts, with me;
Is not this Prussia? Let us Prussians be!

(*From the German.*)

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND

WHERE is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Prussia? Swabia? Is 't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is 't where the gull skims Baltic's brine? —
No! — yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scann'd
It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends? —
No, brother; no! — thou hast not spann'd
The German's genuine Fatherland.

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps,
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps;
Hast found it now? — Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquer'd land?
Is 't where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fann'd —
But no! 't is not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'T is surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatch'd, in glory old?
Oh, none shall write her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land.

Say then, where lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is 't Alsace? Or Lorraine — that gem
Wrench'd from the Imperial diadem
By wiles which princely treachery plann'd?
No! these are not the German's land.

Where, therefore, lies the German's land ?
Name now at last that mighty land !
Where'er resounds the German's tongue —
Where German hymns to God are sung —
There, gallant brother, take thy stand !
That is the German's Fatherland.

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than claspèd hands,
Where Valor lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand —
That is the German's Fatherland !

That is the German's Fatherland.
Great God ! Look down and bless that land !
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland.

(*From the German.*)

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*).

WARREN'S ADDRESS

Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves !
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
Hope ye mercy still ?
What 's the mercy despots feel ?

Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! — they 're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! — and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may — and die we must!
But, O where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

THEN haste ye, Prescott and Revere!
Bring all men of Lincoln here;
Let Chelmsford, Littleton, Carlisle,
Let Acton, Bedford, hither file —
Oh, hither file, and plainly see
Out of a wound leap Liberty.

Say, Woodman April! all in green,
Say, Robin April! hast thou seen
In all thy travel round the earth
Ever a morn of calmer birth?
But morning's eye alone serene
Can gaze across yon village-green
To where the trooping British run
Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still;
The men in red come o'er the hill.
Lay down your arms, damn'd rebels! cry
The men in red full haughtily.
But never a grounding gun is heard,
The men in fustian stand unstirr'd;
Dead calm, save may be a wise bluebird
Puts in his little heavenly word.
O men in red! if ye but knew
The half as much as the bluebirds do,

Now in this little tender calm
Each hand would out, and every palm
With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke
Or ere those lines of battle broke.

O men in red! if ye but knew
The least of the all that bluebirds do,
Now in this little godly calm
Yon voice might sing the Future's Psalm —
The Psalm of Love with the brotherly eyes
Who pardons and is very wise —
Yon voice that shouts, high-hoarse with ire,
Fire!

The red-coats fire, the homespuns fall;
The homespuns' anxious voices call,
Brother, art hurt? and *Where hit, John?*
And *Wipe this blood,* and *Men, come on!*
And *Neighbor, do but lift my head,*
And *Who is wounded? Who is dead?*
Seven are killed; my God! my God!
Seven lie dead on the village sod —
Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,
Monroe, and Porter — these are down.
Nay, look! stout Harrington not yet dead!
He crooks his elbow, lifts his head;
He lies at the steps of his own house-door;
He crawls and makes a path of gore.
The wife from the window hath seen, and rush'd;
He hath reach'd the step, but the blood hath gush'd,
He hath crawl'd to the step of his own house-door;
But his head hath dropp'd: he will crawl no more.
Clasp, wife, and kiss, and lift the head:
Harrington lies at his doorstep, dead.

But, O ye Six that round him lay,
And bloodied up that April day!
As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell
At the door of the House wherein ye dwell;
As Harrington came, ye likewise came,
And died at the door of your House of Fame.

SIDNEY LANIER (*Psalm of the West*).

HYMN

[SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1876.]

By the rude bridge that arch'd the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurl'd,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruin'd bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone ;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ETERNAL SPIRIT OF THE CHAINLESS MIND

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art ;
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom —
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

LORD BYRON (*Prisoner of Chillon*).

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame :

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band : —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They left unstain'd what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

IN STATE

I

O KEEPER of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world, and tell us what the end will be.

" Lo, through the wintry atmosphere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear ;
And all the land looks like a couch, or warrior's shield, or sheeted bier.

" And on that vast and hollow field,
With both lips closed and both eyes seal'd,
A mighty Figure is revealed, —
Stretched at full length, and stiff and stark, as in the hollow of a shield.

" The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin ; and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns and say : ' We always fear'd it would be so ! '

" She came of an heroic race :
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in her colossal form and face.

" Where can her dazzling falchion be ?
One hand is fallen in the sea ;
The Gulf Stream drifts it far and free ;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

" And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasp'd forever to her breast ;
And of her silver helmet, lo ! a soaring eagle is the crest.

" And on her brow, a soften'd light,
As of a star conceal'd from sight
By some thin veil of fleecy white,
Or of the rising moon behind the rainy vapors of the night.

" The Sisterhood that was so sweet,
The Starry System sphered complete,
Which the mazed Orient used to greet,
The Four-and-Thirty fallen Stars glimmer and glitter at her feet.

" And over her — and over all,
For panoply and coronal —
The mighty Immemorial,
And everlasting Canopy and Starry Arch and Shield of all.

II

" Three cold, bright moons have march'd and wheel'd
And the white cerement that reveal'd
A Figure stretch'd upon a Shield,
Is turned to verdure ; and the land is now one mighty battle-field.

" And lo ! the children which she bred,
And more than all else cherishèd,
To make them true in heart and head,
Stand face to face, as mortal foes, with their swords cross'd above the dead.

" Each hath a mighty stroke and stride :
One true — the more that he is tried ;
The other dark and evil-eyed ; —
And by the hand of one of them, his own dear Mother surely died !

" A stealthy step, a gleam of hell, —
It is the simple truth to tell, —
The Son stabb'd and the Mother fell :
And so she lies, all mute and pale, and pure and irreproachable !

" And then the battle-trumpet blew ;
And the true brother sprang and drew
His blade to smite the traitor through ;
And so they clash'd above the bier, and the Night sweated bloody dew.

" And all their children, far and wide,
That are so greatly multiplied,
Rise up in frenzy and divide ;
And choosing each whom he will serve, unsheath the sword and take their side.

" And in the low sun's bloodshot rays,
Portentous of the coming days,
The two great Oceans blush and blaze,
With the emergent continent between them, wrapt in crimson haze.

" Now whichsoever stand or fall,
As God is great, and man is small,
The truth shall triumph over all :
Forever and forevermore, the Truth shall triumph over all !

III

" I see the champion sword-strokes flash ;
I see them fall and hear them clash ;
I hear the murderous engines crash ;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foeman-brother's bloody sash.

" I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heap'd in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and through without remorse.

" I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crush'd face turn'd to the sky ;
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into the bloody slime, and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire;
I see his victim fall — expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead. He turns the head — the face! The son beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents, the gaps, the broken ranks,
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle blots,—
And writ on many a nameless grave, a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorgèd prison-den,
The dead-line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quarter'd in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone that were the goodly shapes of men.

"And still the bloody dew must fall!
And His great Darkness with the Pall
Of His dread Judgment cover all,
Till the Dead Nation rise transformed by Truth to triumph over all!

"And last — and last I see — The Deed."
Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
And leaves the Pall of His great Darkness over all the Land and Sea.

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

APOCALYPSE *

STRAIGHT to his heart the bullet crush'd;
Down from his breast the red blood gush'd,
And o'er his face a glory rush'd.

A sudden spasm shook his frame,
And in his ears there went and came
A sound as of devouring flame.

* Private Arthur Ladd, Sixth Mass. Vols., killed in the attack of the Baltimore mob upon his regiment, April 19, 1861, was the first life sacrificed to the war.

Which in a moment ceased, and then
The great light clasped his brows again,
So that they shone like Stephen's when

Saul stood apart a little space
And shook with shuddering awe to trace
God's splendors settling o'er his face.

Thus, like a king, erect in pride,
Raising clean hands toward heaven, he cried:
"All hail the Stars and Stripes!" and died.

Died grandly. But before he fell —
(O blessedness ineffable!)
Vision apocalyptical

Was granted to him, and his eyes,
All radiant with glad surprise,
Looked forward through the Centuries,

And saw the seeds which sages cast
In the world's soil in cycles past,
Spring up and blossom at the last;

Saw how the souls of men had grown,
And where the scythes of Truth had mown
Clear space for Liberty's white throne;

Saw how, by sorrow tried and proved,
The blackening stains had been removed
Forever from the land he loved;

Saw Treason crushed and Freedom crowned,
And clamorous Faction, gagged and bound,
Gasping its life out on the ground.

. . . . .

With far-off vision gazing clear
Beyond this gloomy atmosphere
Which shuts us in with doubt and fear,

He — marking how her high increase
Ran greatening in perpetual lease
Through balmy years of odorous Peace —

Greeted in one transcendent cry
Of intense, passionate ecstasy
The sight which thrilled him utterly;

Saluting with most proud disdain
Of murder and of mortal pain,
The vision which shall be again!

So, lifted with prophetic pride,
Raised conquering hands toward heaven and cried:
"All hail the Stars and Stripes!" and died.

RICHARD REALF.

VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

THE knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept! — the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But aye the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame ?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun ?
Who knew that God was in the flame ?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned ;
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate ;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

RICHARD HOVEY.

WE ARE OUR FATHERS' SONS

WE are our fathers' sons : let those who lead us know !
'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry
Came up the tropic wind, " Now help us, for we die ! "
Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word ;
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
But that the heart of youth is generous,—
We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain !
Turn not their new-world victories to gain !
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require ;
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
Or subtly, coming, as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.

Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity !
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaurelled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.
The cup of trembling shall be drainèd quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent :
Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain ;
For manifest in that disastrous light
We shall discern the right
And do it, tardily.— O ye who lead,
Take heed !
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.
(*An Ode in Time of Hesitation.*)

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

PART VII

Battle Echoes

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? — The fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: — from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

PART VII

BATTLE ECHOES

FLODDEN FIELD

"But see! look up! — on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close;
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

. . . . .

Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw the Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,

Still bear them bravely in the fight;
  Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
  With Huntly, and with Home.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'T was vain: — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
  The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
  Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
  Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,— forced back, — now low, now high,
  The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
  It wavered mid the foes.

. . . . . .

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vanward wing?
  Where Huntly, and where Home? —
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
  That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
  On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
  While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
  Our Caledonian pride!

SIR WALTER SCOTT (*Marmion*).

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, — "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes; —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE

AND Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass;
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave; — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring.

LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France.
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.

O, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing
Down all our line in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies! upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry: "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
O, was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Ho, maidens of Vienna! — ho, matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho, Philip! send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho, gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho, burghers of St. Geneviève, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;

And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, rise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,

Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BORDER SONG

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready, then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (*The Monastery*).

THE "REVENGE"—A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God, I am no coward,

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick; I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again:
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sail'd away fom Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun is set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen;
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe;
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on through the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd;
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip, that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails,and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all
of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner! sink her! split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe,
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,
And they praised him to his face with a courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and
their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy
of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

BANNER of England! not for a season, O banner of Britain,
hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on
high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow —
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee
anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.
Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with
our lives —
Women and children among us, God help them, our children
and wives!
Hold it we might — and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his
post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of
the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him, we laid him that night
in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hail'd on our houses
and halls
Death from their rifle bullets, and death from their cannon-
balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight
barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we
stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and
their shell.
Death — for their spies were among us, their marksmen were
told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think
for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain
at our feet —
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us
round —

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him — the murderous mole!
Quiet, ah! quiet — wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before —
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew!

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur, like so many fiends in their hell —
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell —
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm! and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide —
So many thousands that if they be bold enough who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders — their masses are gapp'd with our grape —
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.
Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;

Still — could we watch at all points ? We were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past :
" Children and wives — if the tigers leap into the fold unawares —
Every man die at his post — and the foe may outlive us at last —
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs ! "
Roar upon roar, in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true !
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusilades —
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake outtore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun —
One has leapt upon the breach, crying out : " Follow me, follow me ! " —
Mark him — he falls ! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won ?
Boardings and rafters and doors — an embrasure ! make way for the gun !
Now double-charge it with grape ! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due !
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight !
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night —

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms;
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes round,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground;
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain — for it never could save us a life;
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew —
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shatter'd walls,
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls —
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Hark! cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout—
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch! — saved! we are saved! — is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft over the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest —
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot!
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MY MARYLAND

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"*Sic semper!*" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song.
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum!
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum —
She breaths! She burns! She 'll come! She 'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

COME, cheerily, men, pile on the rails,
And stir the camp-fires bright!
No matter if the canteen fails,
We 'll have a roaring night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue-Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way!

We see him now — his old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,
His shrewd, dry smile, his speech so pat,
So firm, so bold, so true;
The blue-light Elder knows 'em well,
Says he, "That 's Banks — he 's fond of shell!
Lord save his soul — we 'll give him Hell!"
That 's Stonewall Jackson 's way!

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Hats off!
Old Stonewall 's going to pray!

Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'T is his way!
Kneeling upon his native sod
In forma pauperis to God —
"Stretch forth thine arm! Lay bare thy rod!
Amen!" That 's Stonewall's way!

He 's in the saddle now — "Fall in!
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill's at the Ford, cut off! We 'll win
His way out, ball or blade!
No matter if our shoes be worn,
No matter if our feet be torn, —
Quick step! We 'll with him before morn,
In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George! —
There 's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed by an ugly gorge;
"Pope and his Yankees, whipped before!
Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Ashby! Pay off Stuart's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

Ah, woman! wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, maiden! weep on, hope on, pray on!
Thy lot is not so all forlorn —
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way!

J. W. Palmer.

CIVIL WAR

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette,
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, Captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead!
There 's music around when my barrel 's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, Rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood —

A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"O Captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette;
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket — this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! Rifleman, fling me the locket! — 't is she,
My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband — Hush! soldier, 't was Heaven's decree,
We must bury him here, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue — weakness a sin;
There 's lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, Rifleman, keep your hand in!"

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

OLD SOLDIERS TRUE

OLD soldiers true, ah, them all men can trust,
Who fought, with conscience clear, on either side;
Who bearded Death and thought their cause was just;
Their stainless honor cannot be denied;
All patriots they beyond the farthest doubt;
Ring it and sing it up and down the land,
And let no voice dare answer it with sneers,
Or shut its meaning out;
Ring it and sing it, we go hand in hand,
Old infantry, old cavalry, old cannoneers.

And if Virginia's vales shall ring again
To battle yell of Mosby or Mahone,
If Wilder's wild brigade or Morgan's men
Once more wheel into line; or all alone
A Sheridan shall ride, a Cleburne fall,—
There will not be two flags above them flying,
But both in one, welded in that pure flame
Upflaring in us all,
When kindred unto kindred, loudly crying,
Rally and cheer in freedom's holy name!

MAURICE THOMPSON (*Lincoln's Grave*).

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal *Miserere*
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PART VIII

Humor

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a.

PART VIII

HUMOR

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS

I LATELY lived in quiet ease,
An' never wished to marry, O!
But when I saw my Peggy's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O!
Though wild as ony Athol deer,
She has trepanned me fairly, O!
Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear
Torment me late an' early, O!

O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness!

To tell my feats this single week
Wad mak a daft-like diary, O!
I drave my cart out ower a dike,
My horses in a miry, O!
I wear my stockings white an' blue,
My love 's sae fierce an' fiery O!
I drill the land that I should plough,
An' plough the drills entirely, O!
O, love, love, love! etc.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
I rase to theek the stable, O!
I cuist my coat, an' plied away
As fast as I was able, O!
I wrought that morning out an' out,
As I 'd been redding fire, O!
When I had done an' looked about,
Gudefaith, it was the byre, O!
O, love, love, love! etc.

Her wily glance I 'll ne'er forget,
The dear, the lovely blinkin o't
Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
An' plagues me wi' the prinkling o't.

I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown 't wi' drinkin' o 't,
I tried wi' sport to drive 't away,
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o 't.
O, love, love, love! etc.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
Or how severe my pliskie, O!
I swear I 'm sairer drunk wi' love
Than ever I was wi' whiskey, O!
For love has raked me fore an' aft,
I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
An' soon I 'll dee for Peggy, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness!

JAMES HOGG.

GLUGGITY GLUG

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper.
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged at the bottle,
Which went gluggity, gluggity — glug — glug — glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
'T was the friar's road home, straight and level;
But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scampered due north like a devil.
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,
"I perceive does n't make a horse trot ill;
And 't is cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
While I am engaged at the bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug — glug — glug."

The steed made a stop — in a pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'T is strange headless horses should trot,
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;

Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose —
I wish I were over a bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug — glug — glug."

GEORGE COLMAN.

RORY O'MORE

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,—
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,—
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound —"
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips,—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir,—you'll hug me no more,—
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek;
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm shold;
And saith, Sweetheart, I take my part.
Of this jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

JOHN STILL.

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea;
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee;
Now when they 'd got as far as the Equator,
They 'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We 've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we should n't agree!
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender,
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he."

"O Billy! we 're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism
Which my poor mammy taught me."
"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee;
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps — "There 's land I see!

"Jerusalem and Madagascar
And North and South Amerikee;
There 's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A CARMAN'S ACCOUNT OF A LAWSUIT

MARRY, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
And I ran to the consistory, for to pleinyie,

And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinyie.
They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum*,
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum ;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum ;*
In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum ;*
And syne I gat — how call ye it ? — *ad replicandum ;*
Bot I could never ane word yet understand him ;
And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
Bot or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bade me come again ;
And then thir rooks they rowpit wonder fast
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made we wonder fain,
Bot I gat never my gude grey mare again.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN

THEY 'VE got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search ;
They 've done just as they said they 'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They 're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They 've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They 've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in *my* voice and vote ;
For it was never *my* desire
To praise the Lord by note !

I 've been a sister good an' true,
For five an' thirty year ;
I 've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear ;
I 've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read ;
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led !
An ' now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about ;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out !

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,

Read — "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn —
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonedest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I 'd chase the tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right.
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contra'wise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I did n't understand, and so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it purty middlin' high
And fetched a lusty tone,
But O, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown — I could but look,
She sits right front of me —
She never was no singin' book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time, right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', O,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most come off!

An' Deacon Tubbs, he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weeping eyes.

I 've been a sister, good an' true,
For five an' thirty year;
I 've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day, I 'll to meetin' go,
And nevermore come back.
And when the folks get up to sing —
Whene'er that time shall be —
I do not want no *patent* thing
A squealin' over me!

WILL M. CARLETON.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,
Dey had biano-blayin;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane.
She had haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-blue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you 'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de House,
She vayed dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear;

Dey rolled in more as sefen kecks
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse.
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst und Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann give a barty;
We all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern –
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer —
Afay in de Ewigkeit!

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE PLAIDIE

UPON ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lassies —
And the sweetest, I maintain,
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wadna hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain;

"Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your plaidie,
If I gang hame in the rain!"

But, on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This self-same winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"

CHARLES SIBLEY.

BITE BIGGER

[YORKSHIRE BALLAD.]

As aw hurried throo th' toan to mi wark,
(Aw wur lat, for all th' whistles had goan),
Aw happen to hear a remark
At ud fotch tears throo th' heart of a stoan;
It wur raänin, an' snowin, an' cowd,
An' th' flagstoans wur covered wi' muck,
An' th' east wind boath whistled and howled,
It soanded like nowt but ill-luck;
When two little lads, doun'd i' rags,
Baght stockings or shoes o' ther feet,
Coom trapesin away o'er th' flags,
Booath on em soddened wi' th' weet.
Th' owdest wud happen be ten,
Th' yungen be hauf on 't — noa mooar;
As aw luked on, aw sed to mysen,
God help fowk this weather 'at 's poor!
Th' big en sawed summut off the gräand,
An' aw luked just to see what 't could be;
'T wur a few wizened flaärs he 'd faänd,
An' they seemed to ha' filled him wi' glee,
An' he said, "Come on, Billy, may be
We shall find summut else by an' by,
An' if net, tha mun share these w' me
When we get to some spot where its dry."
Leet-hearted they trotted away,
An' aw followed, coss twur in mi roaäd,
But aw thowt aw 'd neer seen such a day —
It wurn't fit to be aght for a tooad.
Sooin th' big en agean slipt away,
An' sawed summut else aght o' th' muck,
An' he cried aght, "Luk here, Bill! to-day
Aren't we blessed wi' a seet o' goord luck?
Here 's a apple, an' th' mooast on it 's saänd;
What 's rotten aw 'll throw in th' street —

Worn't it gooid to lig thear to be faänd ?
  Nah booath on us con hav a treat."
Soa he wiped it, an' rubbed it, an' then
  Sed, " Billy, thee bite off a bit ;
If tha hasn't been lucky thisen
  Tha shall share wi' me sich as aw get."
Soa th' little en bate off a touch ;
  T' other's face beamed wi' pleasure awl throo,
An' he sed, " Nay, tha hasn't taen much,
  Bite agean, an' bite bigger; nah, do!"
Aw waited to hear nowt no mooar,—
  Thinks aw, thear 's a lesson for me !
Tha's a heart i' thy breast, if tha 'rt poor ;
  Th' world wur richer wi' mooar sich as thee !
Tuppince wur all th' brass aw had,
  An' awd ment it fur äale when coom nooin,
But aw thowt aw 'll goa gie it yond lad,
  He desarves it fur what he 's been dooin ;
Soa aw sed, " Lad, here 's tuppince fur thee,
  For thysen ; " an' they stared like two geese,
But he sed, woll th' tear stood in his e'e,
  " Nah, it 'll just be a penny apiece."
" God bless thee ! do just as tha will,
  An' may better days speedily come ;
Tho' clamed an' hauf donned, mi lad, still
  Tha 'rt a deal nearer heaven nur some !"

ANONYMOUS.

POPPING CORN

AND there they sat, a-popping corn,
  John Styles and Susan Cutter —
John Styles as fat as any ox,
  And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
  And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of corn,
  And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
  Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
  As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
  All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
  And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate —
John's mouth was like a hopper —
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine — the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought —
The corn did pop and patter —
Till John cried out, "The corn 's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what 's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it 's one o'clock;
You 'll die of indigestion;
I 'm sick of all this popping corn,
Why don't you pop the question?"

ANONYMOUS.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY

ONE day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorsteps ('t was raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"O, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There 's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
There 's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There 's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There 's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it 's slush in December;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall, the leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It 's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It 's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
It 's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,
Forever at war, and forever alert,
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter —
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"Alas, 't was no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester 's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I 've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"But as for them who 're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.

We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE LOVERS

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught,
Though his enemies called him a screecher who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking and wunk;
While she, in her turn, kept thinking and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were toed.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove,
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, then he knole;
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,
While Time his swift circuit was winging and wung;
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught;
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught;
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze,
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

PHŒBE CARY.

THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER

MANY a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then by sounding, through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;
And so below he 'd "douse the glim,"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept,— for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead,
He 'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 't was Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag — the pedler's son;
And so he mused (the wanton wretch!)
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What ground he 's on; Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck — a parsnip-bed, —
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Hauled on his boots, and roared to Marden —
"Nantucket 's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

JOHN DAVIDSON

JOHN DAVIDSON and Tib his wife
Sat toastin' their taes ae night,
When somethin' started on the fluir
An' blinkèd by their sight.

"Guidwife!" quo' John, "did ye see that mouse?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A mouse?" "Ay, a mouse."—"Na, na, Guidman,
It wasna a mouse, 't was a rat."

"Oh, oh! Guidwife, to think ye 've been
Sae lang about the house
An' no to ken a mouse frae a rat!
Yon wasna a rat, but a mouse!"

"I 've seen mair mice than you, Guidman,
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye 't was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife!
I 'll be maister o' the house—
I saw it as plain as een could see,
An' I tell ye 't was a mouse!"

"If you 're the maister o' the house,
It 's I 'm the mistress o' 't;
An' I ken best what 's i' the house—
Sae I tell ye 't was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
Sae up she gat an' made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his taes.

They suppit, an' suppit, an' suppit the brose,
An' aye their lips played smack;
They suppit, an' suppit, an' suppit the brose
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' out, Guidwife,
About a mouse."—"A what?
It 's a lee you tell, an' I say again
It was na a mouse, 't was a rat."

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw crouse!—
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear 't,—
'T was a mouse."—"'T was a rat."—"'T was a mouse."

Wi' that she struck him o'er the pow:
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that!

Gae to your bed, ye cankered sumph!
'T was a rat." "'T was a mouse!" "'T was a rat!"

She sent the brose-cup at his heels
As he hirpled ben the house;
But he shoved out his head as he steekit the door,
An' cried, "'T was a mouse, 't was a mouse!"

Yet when the auld carle fell asleep,
She paid him back for that,
An' roared into his sleepin' lug,
"'T was a rat, 't was a rat, 't was a rat!"

The deil be wi' me, if I think
It was a beast at all;
Next mornin' when she swept the floor,
She found wee Johnnie's ball.

ANONYMOUS.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied ·
The man recovered of the bite ;
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

[THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA.]

YOU, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.
De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.
Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June,
I 'clar, I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle soon!
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blin' for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears dey sees de world, like th'u'de cracks dat's in de do' ;
For de Lord has built dis cabin wid de winders hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o' dim ;
But den, th'u' *dem* temptations vain won't leak in on ole Jim'!
De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey 's mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben — bless de Lord, and praise His holy name!
Dat shines in all de co'ners o' dis cabin jes' de same
As ef dat cabin had n't nar a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down the ribber, Dinah! Don't you hyar
Somebody holl'in' "*Hoo, Jim, hoo?*" My Sarah died las' y'ar ;
Is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim from hyar?

My stars! dat can't be Sarah — shuh, jes' listen, Dinah, *now!*
What kin be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?
Fus' bellerin', like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow!

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive! jes' hear — *Ker-woof! Ker-woof!*
De Debble 's comin' round dat bend — he 's comin', shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I 'se pow'ful skeered ; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away ;

I 'm gwine to stan' stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed day;
You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan! Let us pray:

O hebbenly Mahs'r, what Thou willest dat mus' be jes' so,
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's boun' to go.
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below!

Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mahs'r; for she 's sich a little child,
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up the home-yard stile;
But dis old traveller's feet been tired dis many a many mile.

I 'se wufless as de rotten pole o' las' year's fodder-stack;
De rheumatiz done bit my bones: you hyar 'em crack and crack?
I can't sit down 'd out gruntin' like 't was breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel when hub and spokes is warped and split and rotten?
What use dis dried up cotton-stalk when Life done picked my cotton?
I 'se like a word, dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.

But Dinah! Shuh! dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,
De sap 's jis risin' in her; she do grow owdaciouslee —
Lord, ef you 's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down — cut me!

I would not proud presume — but yet I 'll boldly make reques',
Sence Jacob had dat wastlin' match, I, too, gwine do my bes';
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered, Yes!

And what for waste de wittles now, and th'ow away de bread?
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head?
Tink of de 'conomy, Mahs'r, ef dis ole Jim was dead!

Stop; ef I don't believe de Debble 's gone on up de stream!
Jes' now he squealed down dar: — hush; dat 's a mighty weakly scream!
Yes, sir, he 's gone, he 's gone; — he snort way off, like in a dream!

O glory, hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!
De Debble 's fa'rly skeered to def; he done gone flyin' by;
I know'd he could'n' stan' dat pra'r, I felt my Mahs'r nigh!

You, Dinah, ain't you 'shamed now dat you did n't trust to grace?
I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed his face!
You fool, you t'ink de Debble couldn't beat *you* in a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar,
When folks start prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u' de a'r;
Yea, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, exceptin' fur dat pra'r?

SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER.

TO A FISH

Why flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me, there 's naught of danger near;
I have no wicked hooke,
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood!
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
For Nature unto thee
Perchance has given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy the stream, O harmless fish;
And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the rascal *in!*

John Wolcot.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James:
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I 'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that 'tis not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society;
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault;
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass — at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him nò more.

For in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James,
And I 've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

BRET HARTE.

THE NORTHERN COBBLER

WAAIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights to tell.
Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.
"Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon!"
Strange fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seëan an' a' doon;
"Summat to drink — sa' 'ot?" I 'a nowt but Adam's wine:
What 's the eät o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eät o' the line?

"What 's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?" I 'll tell tha. Gin.
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä fur it down to the inn.
Naäy — fur I be maäin-glad, but thaw tha was iver sa dry,
Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle theer, an I 'll tell tha why.

Meä an' thy sister was married, when wur it? back-end o' June,
Ten year sin', and wa 'greed as well as a fiddle i' tune;
I could fettle and clump owd booöts and shoes wi' the best on 'em all,
As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.
We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as 'appy as 'art could think,
An' then the babby wur burn, and then I taäkes to the drink.

An' I weänt gaänsaäy it, my lad, thaw I be hafe shaämed on it now,
We could sing a good song at the Plow, we could sing a good song at the Plow;

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my huck,
An' I coom'd neck-an-crop sometimes slaäpe down i' the squad
an' the muck :

An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor — not hafe ov a man, my lad —
Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faäce like a cat, an' it maäde
er' sa mad
That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger, an' raäted ma, "Sottin'
thy braäins
Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an' hawmin' about i' the
laänes
Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch thy 'at to the Squire" ;
An' I look'd cock-eyed at my noäse an' I seeäd 'im a-gittin'
o' fire ;
But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor an' hallus as droonk as a king,
Foäks' coostom flitted awaäy like a kite wi' a brokken string.

An' Sally she wesh'd foälks' cloäths to keep the wolf fro the
door,
Eh, but the moor she riled me, she druv me to drink the moor,
Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd, wheer Sally's owd stockin'
wur 'id,
An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde, and I weär'd it o'
liquor, I did.

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bull gotten loose at a faäir,
An' she wur a-waäitin' fo' ma, an' cryin' an' teärin' 'er aäir,
An' I tummled athurt the craädle an' sweär'd as I 'd breäk ivry
stick
O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick,
An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby
beäl'd,
Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the
feäld.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our Sally went
laämed
Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämed ;
An' Sally were sloomy an' draggle-taäiled in an owd turn gown,
An' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside
down.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät,
Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät :
An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby thurn ;
Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a Sunday at murn,
Couldn't see 'im, we 'eärd 'im a-mountin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,
An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.

"Doesn't tha see im," she axes, "fur I can see 'im?" an' I
Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye;
An' I says "I mun gie tha a kiss," an' Sally says "Noä, thou
moänt,"
But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says "doänt!"

An' when we coom'd into meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,
But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither like birds on a beugh;
An' Muggins 'e preach'd o' hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur
men,
An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell
Down out o' heaven i' hell-fire — thaw theer 's naw drinkin' i'
hell;
Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep' the wolf fro' the door,
All along o' the drink, fur I looved 'er as well as afoor.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blubber'd awaäy o' the bed —
"Weant niver do it naw moor"; an' Sally looökt up an' she said,
"I 'll upowd it tha weänt; thou 'rt like the rest o' the men,
Thou 'll goä sniffin' about the tap till tha does it agëan.
Theer 's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws, as knaws tha sa well,
That if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im tha 'll foller 'im slick into
hell."

"Naäy," says I, "fur I weänt goä sniffin' about the tap."
"Weänt tha?" she says, an' mysen I thowt i'mysen "mayhap,"
"Noa": an' I started awaäy like a shot, an' down to the hinn,
An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin' theer, yon big black bottle
o' gin.

"That caps owt," says Sally, an' saw she begins to cry,
But I puts it inter 'er 'ands an' I says to 'er, "Sally," says I,
"Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the Lord an' the power ov 'is
graäce,
Stan' 'im theer, fur I 'll looök my hennemy straït i' the faäce,
Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma looök at 'im then,
'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e 's the Divil's oän sen."

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, couldn't do naw work an' all,
Nasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an poonch'd my 'and wi' the
hawl,
But she wur a power o' coomfut, an' sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
An' coäxed an' coodled me oop till agëan I feel'd mysen free.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk stood a-gawmin' in,
As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead of a quart o' gin;
An' some on 'em said it wur watter — an' I wur chousin' the
wife,

Fur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur it nobbut to saäve my life;
An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov 'is airm, an' 'e shaws it to me,
"Feëal thou this! thou can't graw this upo' watter!" says he.

An' Doctor 'e calls 'o Sunday an' just as candles was lit,
"Thou moänt do it," he says, "tha mun breäk 'im off bit by bit."
"Thou 'rt but a Methody-man," says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, "but I respecks tha fur that";
An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see,
An' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, "fur I respecks tha,'" says 'e;
An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an' wide,
An' browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the coontryside.

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan to my dying daäy;
I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anoother kind of a waäy,
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im clean an' bright,
Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' the light.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart? Naw doubt:
But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.
Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,
But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I 'd feäl mysen cleän disgraced.
An' once I said to the Missis, "My lass, when I cooms to die,
Smash the bottle to smithers, the divil 's in 'im," said I.
But arter, I changed my mind, an' if Sally be left aloän,
I 'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an taäke 'im afoor the Throän.

Coom thou 'eer — yon laädy a-steppin' along the streeät,
Doesn't tha knaw 'er — sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät, an' sweeät?
Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe ammost spick-span new,
An' Tommy's faäce be as fresh as a codlin 'at 's wesh'd 'i the dew.

'Ere 's our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin' to dine,
Baäcon an taätes, an' a beslings-puddin' an' Adam's wine;
But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goä fur it down to the hinn,
Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood, noä, not fur Sally's oän kin.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE AGED STRANGER

"I WAS with Grant"— the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"— the stranger said ;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,— my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar ! "

"I know him not," said the aged man,
And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"— "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more :

"He fell in battle,— I see, alas !
Thou 'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,— with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant,— in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther ;
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,

Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

PART IX

Pathos and Sorrow

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

PART IX

PATHOS AND SORROW

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (*The Princess*).

FIDELE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Cymbeline*).

EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut,— no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name,—
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now astir,—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals,— naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —
  When, Evelyn Hope, what is meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth,— in the years long still, —
  That body and soul are so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
  In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing — one — in my soul's full scope,
  Either I missed or itself missed me,
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
  My heart seemed full as it could hold, —
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
  See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
  You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of bilssful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
  Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace —
  Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fall in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside:
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound thy were baith for me.

He had nae been gane a twalmonth and a day,
When my faither brak his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My faither couldna work, my mither couldna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Aud Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said nay, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship was a wrack —
The ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie dee?
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae 's me?

My faither urged me sair, my mither did na speak,
But she lookèd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me!

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When mournful as I sat on the stane at my door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could na think it he,
Till he said, " I 'm come hame, love, to marry thee. "

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say, —
We took but ae kiss, and tore oursels away:
I wish I were dead, but I am no like to dee,
Oh, why was I born to say, Wae 's me ?

I gang like a ghaist, but I care na much to spin;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
So I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

A SEA DIRGE

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones is coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! I hear them,— Ding, dong, bell!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*The Tempest*).

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ASHES OF ROSES

SOFT on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie —
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

ELAINE GOODALE.

CLARIBEL'S PRAYER

THE day, with cold gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell;
But waking Blue-eyes smiled: "'T is ever as God wills;
He knoweth best, and be it rain or shine, 't is well;
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sunk she on her knees; with eager, lifted hands
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her free, whatever hearts rebel;
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father," still arose another pleading prayer,
"Oh, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell!

Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well!
Amen! Praise God!" wept little Claribel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of freemen swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well;
Amen! praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When the gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night,
The heavy air was filled with clangor of a bell;
"Oh, shout!" the Herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! Oh, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight
And in the fiery rain? Oh, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the Herald said, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell;"
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plume of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The Herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother evermore with conquerors shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors, wearing crowns and bearing palms," he said,
And snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell;
"Oh, sweetest Herald, say my brother lives!" she plead;
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel;
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night winds rose and fell.
"O child," the Herald wept, "'t is as the dear Lord wills;
He knoweth best, and be it life or death, 'tis well."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE DEATH-BED

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied, —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed, — she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

IF SHE BUT KNEW

IF she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love and sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break,
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die;
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh?

If she but knew that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear?

If she were told that I was dying,
Would she be dumb ?
Could she content herself with sighing ?
Would she not come ?

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

MY SLAIN

THIS sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress ;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith,
I who, with whetted knives of worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forevermore,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple-bough
Laughs into blossom, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten ; and if my cheeks are wet
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O moaning life, with life irreconciled!
O backward-looking thought! O pain! O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain.
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye ?

Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instinct guessed the heavens at once.

RICHARD REALF.

THE TOYS

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou 'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath had swept
O'er Angostura's plain —
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the mouldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

SANDS OF DEE

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair,—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes of Dee!"

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting stitching in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,

"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart 's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

'T is November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland,
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views;
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

THREE ROSES

THREE roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower that night on beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrank in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

INTO THE WORLD AND OUT

INTO the world he looked with sweet surprise ;
The children laughed so when they saw his eyes.

Into the world a rosy hand in doubt
He reached — a pale hand took one rose-bud out.

"And that was all — quite all!" No, surely! But
The children cried so when his eyes were shut.

SALLIE M. B. PIATT.

THE CRADLE

How steadfastly she 'd worked at it!
How lovingly had drest
With all her would-be mother's wit
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it! —
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet,
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere bleak December fled ;
That rosy nest he never prest —
Her coffin was his bed.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LOVESIGHT

WHEN do I see thee most, belovèd one ?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
Close-kiss'd and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—

How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perish'd leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

ANGELUS SONG

ONCE at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious,
Came to my bed;—
Angels in blue and white,
Crowned on the Head.

One was the Friend I left
Stark in the snow;
One was the Wife that died
Long—long ago;
One was the Love I lost—
How could she know?

One had my mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my father's face;
One was a Child;
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to Earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore for anything;
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, belovèd, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait —
Knowing that or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will moan, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was,"
When the grass grows over me!

INA COOLBRITH.

WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

TWO MYSTERIES

["In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, the nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"]

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we 're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day —

Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, O, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say — these vanished ones — and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death —
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

"O MITHER, DINNA DEE!"

"O BAIRN, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand will gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?"
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, by night or day
I hear nae sounds ava',
But voices of winds that blaw,
And the voices of ghaists that say,
Come awa'! come awa'!
The Lord that made the wind and made the sea
Is hard on my bairn and me,
And I melt in his breath like snaw."
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down never to rise again.
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen,—
There is nae pain!
I 'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why;
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep, but for the sake o' thee"
"O mither, dinna dee!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine

All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice out of the Future cries,
"On! on!" — but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more — no more — no more —
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

MY HEART AND I

ENOUGH! we 're tired, my heart and I;
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish the name were carved for us;
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As Heaven's sweet life renews earth's life,
With which we 're tired, my heart and I.

You see we 're tired, my heart and I;
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we 're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I;
We seem of no use in the world;
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;

Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet;
What do we here, my heart and I?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sun set from the sky:
"Dear Love, you 're looking tired," he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head;
'T is now we 're tired, my heart and I.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Though now none takes me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm,
Till each quick breath ends in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone
We lean upon his graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet, who complains? My heart and I?
In this abundant earth no doubt
Is little room for things worn out;
Disdain them, break them, throw them by;
And if before the days grew rough,
We once were loved, then — well enough
I think we 've fared, my heart and I.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ROSALIE

WHEN thou, in all thy loveliness,
Sweet Rosalie, wert mine,
Of Earth's one more, of Heaven's one less,
I counted things divine.

But since the lilies o'er thy breast
Out of the sweetness spring,
Of love's delight I miss the rest
And keep alone the sting.

Till now I reckon things divine
Not as I did before;
Earth's share has dwindled down to mine,
And Heaven has all the more.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

REQUIESCAT

TREAD lightly, she is near,
Under the snow;
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace; she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet;
All my life 's buried here —
Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE.

THE OLD SEXTON

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in — I gather them in —
Gather — gather — gather them in.

"I gather them in; for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I 've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground.

Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one;
But come they stranger, or come they kin,
I gather them in — I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I 'm alone;
I 'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold —
My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in — I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"
And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
And I said to myself: When time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din:
"I gather them in — I gather them in —
Gather — gather — gather them in."

PARK BENJAMIN.

ONLY A YEAR

ONE year ago,— a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,— no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago,— what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone
Of all that beauty, life, and joy.
Remain alone!

One year,— one year,— one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen,—
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where hast thou been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Savior dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BEFORE SEDAN

HERE in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'T is but another dead;—
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves.
So this man's eye is dim;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;

Message or wish, may be: —
Smooth out the folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled! —
Only the tremulous
Words of a child: —
Prattle, that had for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His — her dead father's — kiss,
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died! — But no: —
Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!

Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

AS THRO' THE LAND

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*The Princess*).

MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;

What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May ;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There, haply, with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond ;
The bird builds in the tree ;
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems ;
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours ;
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green ;
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

LUCY

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and Oh,
The difference to me!

. . .

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'T is past, that melancholy dream;
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. — The work was done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, With my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

UNDER THE DAISIES

I HAVE just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving.
And all of its power for pleasure and pain
Been slowly, sadly proving;
And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid —
A coffin under the daisies;
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world
Is love a sorrow proving;
There 's many a sad, sad thing in life,
But the saddest of all is loving.
Life often divides far wider than death;
Stern fortune the high wall raises;
But better far than two hearts estranged
Is a low grave starred with daisies;

The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did,
Through the summer of love together,
And that one of us, wearied, lay down to rest,
Ere the coming of winter weather;
For the sadness of love is love grown cold,
And 't is one of its surest phases;
So I bless my God, with a breaking heart,
For that grave enstarred with daisies;
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'

'T WAS when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.
For Lucy had served in the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in',
Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see:
"Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!" quo Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin' 't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin' 't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I 'm just like a lambie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lambie can see;
I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I 'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.

Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
He cudna say mair but just, Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;
The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie; — she turned and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn;
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

WE ARE SEVEN

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns.

MY LOVE IS DEAD

O, sing unto my roundelay!
O, drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the summer night,
White his neck as the winter snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead, etc.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
O, he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead, etc.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead, etc.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead, etc.

Here upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead, etc.

With my hands I 'll bind the briers
Round his holy corse to gre;
Ouphant fairy, light your fires;
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead, etc.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn
Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead, etc.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

NEVERMORE

NO MORE — no more — O, nevermore on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 't was not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

LORD BYRON (*Don Juan*).

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

A LIFE

Day dawned; — within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed; — a child had seen the light;
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose; — the lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled; — he wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then — he died! Behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life — Death — and all that is of Glory.

Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall).

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

With heavy head bent on her yielding hand,
And half-flushed cheek, bathed in a fevered light —
With restless lips, and most unquiet eyes,
A maiden sits and looks out on the night.

The darkness presses close against the pane,
And silence lieth on the elm tree old,
Through whose wide branches steals the white-faced moon
In fitful gleams, as though 't were bold.

She hears the wind upon the pavement fall,
And lifts her head, as if to listen there;
Then wearily she taps against the pane,
Or folds more close the ripples of her hair;
She sings unto herself an idle strain,
And through its music all her thoughts are seen;
For all the burden of the song she sings
Is, "O my God! it might have been!"

Alas! that words like these should have the power
To crush the roses of her early youth —
That on her altar of remembrance sleeps
Some hope, dismantled of its love and truth —
That 'mid the shadows of her memory lies
Some grave, moss-covered, where she loves to lean,
And sadly sing unto the form therein,
"It might have been — O God! it might have been!"

We all have in our hearts some hidden place,
Some secret chamber where a cold corpse lies —
The drapery of whose couch we dress anew
Each day, beneath the pale glare of its eyes;
We go from its still presence to the sun,
To seek the pathways where it once was seen,
And strive to still the throbbing of our hearts
With this wild cry, "O God! it might have been!"

We mourn in secret o'er some buried love
In the far past, whence love does not return,
And strive to find among its ashes grey
Some lingering spark that yet may live and burn;
And when we see the vainness of our task,
We flee away, far from the hopeless scene,
And folding close our garments o'er our hearts,
Cry to the winds, "O God! it might have been!"

Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,
We mourn some jewel which the heart has missed —
Some brow we touched in days long since gone by —
Some lips whose freshness and first dew we kissed;
We shut out from our eyes the happy light
Of sunbeams dancing on the hill-side green,
And, like the maiden, ope them to the light
And cry, like her, "O God! it might have been!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,— but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care;
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour —
Its feverish hour — of mirth and song and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears,— but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee, — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain —
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season — *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me!

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie,
A little time while it is new;
But when 't is auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I 'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a siller pin.

O wherefore should I busk my head,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'T is the poor doited loonie — the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed;
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siecan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly — he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow, for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

AGATHA

SHE wanders in the April woods,
That glisten with the fallen shower;
She leans her face against the buds,
She stops, she stoops, she plucks a flower.
She feels the ferment of the hour:
She broodeth when the ringdove broods;
The sun and flying clouds have power
Upon her cheek and changing moods.
She cannot think she is alone,
As o'er her senses warmly steal
Floods of unrest she fears to own,
And almost dreads to feel.

Along the summer woodlands wide
Anew she roams, no more alone;
The joy she fear'd is at her side,
Spring's blushing secret now is known.
The primrose and its mates have flown,
The thrush's ringing note hath died;
But glancing eye and glowing tone
Fall on her from her god, her guide.
She knows not, asks not, what the goal,
She only feels she moves toward bliss,
And yields her pure unquestioning soul
To touch and fondling kiss.

And still she haunts those woodland ways,
Though all fond fancy finds there now
To mind of spring or summer days,
Are sodden trunk and songless bough.

The past sits widow'd on her brow,
Homeward she wends with wintry gaze,
To walls that house a hollow vow,
To hearth where love hath ceased to blaze:
Watches the clammy twilight wane,
With grief too fix'd for woe or tear;
And, with her forehead 'gainst the pane,
Envies the dying year.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR

[IN THE IRISH FAMINE OF '47]

Was ever sorrow like to our sorrow,
O God above?
Will our night never change into a morrow
Of joy and love?
A deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping,
Like the darkness at noontide
That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping
By the Crucified.

Before us die our brothers of starvation;
Around us cries of famine and despair;
Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salvation —
Where, O where?
If the angels ever hearken, downward bending,
They are weeping, we are sure,
At the litanies of human groans ascending
From the crushed hearts of the poor.

When the human rest in love upon the human,
All grief is light;
But who bends one kind glance to illumine
Our life-long night?
The air around is ringing with their laughter —
God has only made the rich to smile;
But we in rags and want and woe — we follow after,
Weeping the while.

We never knew a childhood's mirth and gladness,
Nor the proud heart of youth, free and brave;
A deathlike dream of wretchedness and sadness
Is our life's journey to the grave;
Day by day we lower sink and lower,
Till the God-like soul within
Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon power
Of poverty and sin.

We must toil, though the light of life is burning,
Oh, how dim!
We must toil on our sick bed, feebly turning
Our eyes to Him
Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
With scarce moved breath,
While the paler hands uplifted are, and praying,
"Lord, grant us death!"

LADY WILDE (SPERANZA).

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I 'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary —
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near —
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest —
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There 's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;

There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow —
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break —
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake ;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore —
O, I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true !
But I 'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I 'm goin' to ;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there —
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

"BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride !
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

" Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,
Where gat ye that winsome marrow ? "
" I gat her where I daur na weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

" Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow !
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

" Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ? "

" Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep —
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow ;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

" For she has tint her luver, luver dear —
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow ;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

" Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid ?
Why on thy braes is heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow ?

" What 's yonder floats upo' the rueful, rueful flude ?
What 's yonder floats ? — Oh, dule and sorrow !
'T is he, the comely swain I slew
Upo' the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

" Wash, oh, wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, wi' dule and sorrow ;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

" Then build, then build, ye sisters, ye sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow ;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow !

" Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow !

" Did I not warn thee not to, not to luve,
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

" Sweet smells the birk ; green grows, green grows the grass ;
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin' !

" Flows Yarrow sweet ? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed ;
As green its grass ; its gowan as yellow ;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk ;
The apple from its rocks as mellow !

" Fair was thy luve ! fair, fair indeed thy luve !
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;
Though he was fair, and weel-beluved again,
Than I he never loved thee better.

" Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

" How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How luve him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow ?

" Oh Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover !
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver.

" The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest — 't was my ain sewin' ;
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

" The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow ;
But ere the toofa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow !

" Much I rejoiced that waefu', waefu' day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning ;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my luve and left me mourning.

" What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My luver's blood is on thy spear —
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

" My happy sisters may be, may be proud ;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin'
May bid me seek, on Yarrow's braes,
My luver nailèd in his coffin.

" My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to muve me ;
My luver's blood is on thy spear —
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee ?

" Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve !
With bridal sheets my body cover !
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door !
Let in the expected husband-lover !

" But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter !
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

" Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down ;
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my rueful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beluved,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night within my arms,
No youth lay ever there before thee !

" Pale, pale indeed, O luvely, luvely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms,
No youth shall ever lie there after ! "

" Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy luver heeds none of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SHE AND HE

" SHE is dead ! " they said to him. " Come away ;
Kiss her ! and leave her ! — thy love is clay ! "

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair ;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair ;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell ;

About her brows, and her dear, pale face,
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace ;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes ; —
Which were the whiter no eye could choose !

And over her bosom they crossed her hands ;
" Come away," they said,— " God understands ! "

And then there was Silence ; — and nothing there
But the Silence — and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary ;
For they said, " As a lady should lie, lies she ! "

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead —

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turn'd it! — Alone again — he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name that was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice? — no language of death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct — intense?

"See, now,— I listen with soul, not ear —
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead, most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen — as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven! — and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 't were your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

. . . . .

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way:—

"The utmost wonder is this,— I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone;
If your soul could see, it would all be shown

"What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts! — Love never will die.

"I am only your Angel who was your Bride;
And I know though dead, I have never died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

WHO NE'ER HIS BREAD IN SORROW ATE

WHO ne'er his bread in sorrow ate —
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed hath sate —
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

(*From the German of Goethe.*)

FROM "THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM"

COME, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter — and the bird is on the wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of life keep falling one by one.

Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?
And this first summer month that brings the rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to supper — heed not you.

With me along the strip of herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of slave and sultán is forgot —
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden throne.

A Book of verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of wine, a loaf of bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness —
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the glories of this world, and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow.
At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear, and its treasure on the garden throw."

And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two — was gone.

Think, in this batter'd caravanserai
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his pomp
Abode his destined hour and went his way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past regret and future fears:
To-morrow! — Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend — ourselves to make a couch — for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust unto dust, and under dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and — sans end!

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

DECORATION DAY AT CHARLESTON

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

[MAJOR-GENERAL PHILLIP KEARNEY]

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor,
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars? —
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye:
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know,
Lay him low!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE

WE sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best; —
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear;
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.

Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving!
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who returned not.— Say not so!
'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (*Commemoration Ode*).

LORD RAGLAN

AH, not because our Soldier died before his field was won;
Ah, not because life would not last till life's long task were done,
Wreathe one less leaf, grieve with less grief, — of all our hosts that led
Not last in work and worth approved, Lord Raglan lieth dead.

His nobleness he had of none, War's Master taught him war,
And prouder praise that Master gave than meaner lips can mar;
Gone to his grave, his duty done; if farther any seek,
He left his life to answer them,— a soldier's,— let it speak!

'T was his to sway a blunted sword,— to fight a fated field,
While idle tongues talked victory, to struggle not to yield;
Light task for placeman's ready pen to plan a field for fight,
Hard work and hot with steel and shot to win that field aright.

Tears have been shed for the brave dead; mourn him who mourned for all!
Praise hath been given for strife well striven, praise him who strove o'er all,
Nor count that conquest little, though no banner flaunt it far,
That under him our English hearts beat Pain and Plague and War.

And if he held those English hearts too good to pave the path
To idle victories, shall we grudge what noble palm he hath?
Like ancient Chief he fought a-front, and 'mid his soldiers seen,
His work was aye as stern as theirs; oh! make his grave as green.

They know him well, the Dead who died that Russian wrong should cease,
Where fortune doth not measure men, their souls and his have peace;
Aye! as well spent in sad sick tent as they in bloody strife,
For English homes our English Chief gave what he had — his life.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

*VALE**

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When
For me the end has come, and I am dead,
And little voluble chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth,
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword, and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for Liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him, and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now,
With that word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assauge
The thirstings of the poets — for he was
Born unto singing, and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter in the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress,
And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films — silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of the courtier's lips,
But smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.

* Written immediately before his suicide.

He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood ; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet —
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

RICHARD REALF.

DICKENS IN CAMP

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of Little Nell.

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall :

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with Nell, on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire :
And he who wrought that spell ? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths intwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly —
This spray of Western pine.

BRET HARTE.

OBSEQUIES OF DAVID THE PAINTER

[EX-MEMBER OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL CONVENTION]

THE pass is barred! "Fall back!" cries the guard; "cross not the French frontier!"
As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral drew near.
For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume, no pall can hide,
That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a banished regicide!
"But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his children to the guard;
"Let his noble art plead on his part — let *a grave* be his reward!
France knew his name in her hour of fame nor the aid of his pencil scorned;
Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he adorned!"

"That corpse can't pass! 't is my duty, alas!" said the frontier sentinelle,—
"But pity take for his country's sake, and his clay do not repel
From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth!" cried the mourners in their turn;
"Oh, give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn:
His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mont Bernard,
Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse: — let *a grave* be his reward!
For he loved this land — aye, his dying hand to paint her fame he 'd lend her:
Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendor!"

"Ye cannot pass," said the guard, "alas!" (for tears bedimmed his eyes)
"Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise;"

"Then pity take for fair Freedom's sake," cried the mourners once again;
"Her favorite was Leonidas, with his band of Spartan men;
Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see
What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylæ?
Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired!
Let his passport be the memory of the valor he inspired."

"Ye cannot pass," — "Soldier, alas! a dismal boon we crave;
Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends may dig a grave?
O, pity take, for that hero's sake whom he gloried to portray
With crown and palm at Notre Dame on his coronation day.
Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pontiff rose,
And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiving his own woes;
He drew that scene — nor dreamed, I ween, that yet a little while
And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a lonely isle!"

"I am charged, alas! not to let you pass," said the sorrowing sentinelle;
"His destiny must also be a foreign grave!" — "'T is well!
Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place of rest,
And to bear away his banished clay from the land that he loved best.
But let us hence! sad recompense for the lustre that he cast,
Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past!
Our sons will read with shame this deed (unless my mind doth err);
And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre!"

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT)
(*From the French of Beranger*).

BAYARD TAYLOR

"AND where now, Bayard, will thy footsteps tend?"
My sister asked our guest one winter's day.
Smiling he answered in the Friends' sweet way
Common to both: "Wherever thou shalt send!
What wouldst thou have me see for thee?" She laughed,
Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-fire's glow:
"Loffoden isles, the Kilpis, and the low
Unsetting sun on Finmark's fishing-craft."
"All these and more I soon shall see for thee!"

He answered cheerily: and he kept his pledge
On Lapland's snow, the North Cape's windy wedge,
And Tromso freezing in its winter sea.
He went and came. But no man knows the track
Of his last journey, and he comes not back!

He brought us wonders of the new and old;
We shared all climes with him. The Arab's tent
To him its story-telling secret lent,
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.
How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,
We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown
Of civic honor on his brows pressed down,
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.
And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears
Two nations speak, we answer but with tears!

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;
Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance here
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveller, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HORACE GREELEY

EARTH, let thy softest mantle rest
On this worn child to thee returning,
Whose youth was nurtured at thy breast,
Who loved thee with such tender yearning.
He knew thy fields and woodland ways,
And deemed thy humblest son his brother;—
Asleep, beyond our blame or praise,
We yield him back, O gentle Mother!

Of praise, of blame, he drank his fill;
  Who has not read the life-long story?
And dear we hold his fame, but still
  The man was dearer than his glory.
And now to us are left alone
  The closet where his shadow lingers,
The vacant chair — that was a throne, —
  The pen just fallen from his fingers.

Wrath changed to kindness on that pen,
  Though dipped in gall, it flowed with honey;
One flash from out the cloud, and then
  The skies with smile and jest were sunny.
Of hate he surely lacked the art,
  Who made his enemy his lover:
O reverend head, and Christian heart!
  Where now their like the round world over?

He saw the goodness, not the taint,
  In many a poor, do-nothing creature,
And gave to sinner and to saint,
  But kept his faith in human nature;
Perchance he was not worldly wise,
  Yet we who noted, standing nearer,
The shrewd, kind twinkle in his eyes,
  For every weakness held him dearer.

Alas, that unto him who gave
  So much, so little should be given!
Himself alone he might not save,
  Of all for whom his hands had striven.
Place, freedom, fame, his work bestowed;
  Men took, and passed, and left him lonely; —
What marvel if, beneath his load,
  At times he craved — for justice only.

Yet thanklessness, the serpent's tooth,
  His lofty purpose could not alter;
Toil had no power to bend his youth,
  Or make his lusty manhood falter;
From envy's sling, from slander's dart,
  That armored soul the body shielded,
Till one dark sorrow chilled his heart,
  And then he bowed his head and yielded.

Now, now, we measure at its worth
  The gracious presence gone forever!
The wrinkled East, that gave him birth,
  Laments with every laboring river;

Wild moan the free winds of the West
For him who gathered to her prairies
The sons of men, and made each crest
The haunt of happy household fairies;

And anguish sits upon the mouth
Of her who came to know him latest:
His heart was ever thine, O South!
He was thy truest friend, and greatest!
He shunned thee in thy splendid shame,
He stayed thee in thy voiceless sorrow;
The day thou shalt forget his name,
Fair South, can have no sadder morrow.

The tears that fall from eyes unused,
The hands above his grave united,
The words of men whose lips he loosed,
Whose cross he bore, whose wrongs he righted,—
Could he but know, and rest with this!
Yet stay, through Death's low-lying hollow,
His one last foe's insatiate hiss
On that benignant shade would follow!

Peace! while we shroud this man of men,
Let no unhallowed word be spoken!
He will not answer thee again,
His mouth is sealed, his wand is broken.
Some holier cause, some vaster trust
Beyond the veil, he doth inherit:
O gently, Earth, receive his dust,
And Heaven soothe his troubled spirit!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

[ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN]

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever returning spring.
O ever returning Spring! trinity sure to me you bring;
Lilac, blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful, western, fallen star!
O shades of night! O moody, tearful night!

O great star disappear'd! O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless! O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud, that will not free my soul!

In the dooryard fronting an old farmhouse, near the whitewash'd palings,
Stands the lilac bush, tall-growing, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom, rising, delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle . . . and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms, and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig, with its flower, I break.

In the swamp, in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song. Solitary the thrush,
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song. Song of the bleeding throat!
Death's outlet song of life — (for well, dear brother, I know
If thou wast not gifted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through old woods (where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray debris);
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes — passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprising;
Passing the apple tree blows of white and pink in the orchards;
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veil'd women, standing,
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit — with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn;

With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs —
Where amid these you journey,
With the toiling, toiling bells' perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

. . . . . .

Sing on there in the swamp!
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes — I hear your call;
I hear — I come presently — I understand you;
But a moment I linger — for the lustrous star has detained me;
The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?
Sea winds, blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies meeting:
These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

WALT WHITMAN.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee,—
Like summer tempest came her tears,
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*The Princess*).

FAREWELL

THE same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;
The same year beckons, and younger with elder brother
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all must take;
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come,—
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsung them are dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved — fair names and famous —
To the soft, long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of death;

But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song forever, that now lack breath;
For with us shall the music and perfume that died not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we — farewell!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PART X

The Better Life

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.

PART X

THE BETTER LIFE

HEARD ARE THE VOICES

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The worlds and the ages:
Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness,
Here is all fullness,
The brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."

—Thomas Carlyle (*from Goethe*).

HOW TO LIVE

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream;
'T is but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap:
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

A HINDOO'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH

ALL the world over I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and northward beyond the snow,
Do all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm,
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to mystical symbol or the figures of ancient kings;

And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills :
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that kills ;
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame ;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race :
Ever I watch and worship ; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret — whence and whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea? —
The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me? —
It is naught but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

I had thought, " Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main —"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake ?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break ?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone ?

Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world ?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep,
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep?

A. C. LYALL.

RESPONSES

NEVER from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Ever the fiery Pentecost,
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (*The Problem*).

DE PROFUNDIS

THE face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good-day"
Made each day good, is hushed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here —
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life, that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan;
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry . . . Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort . . . none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures.
And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done —
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say, "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."

What harm would that do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night,
While my new rest went on, went on.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

— A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's voice, not Nature's — night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creature's praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out, and leave His throne;
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all:
Ancient of Days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, He reigns alone, —
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere,
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

— Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for Thee
Whose days eternally go on!

For us . . . whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on!

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on!

And having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall,
Smiling, . . . so I! THY DAYS GO ON.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

RESTITUTION

Is NATURE weak? Do her enchantments fail?
Almighty is the word. Let God prevail.
Art thou impatient of thy time's disaster?
And dost thou dread a failing land's distress?
And are thy hopes that blazed, dissolving faster
Than fire-swept grasses in the wilderness?

Say, hath thy Reason like a thief waylaid thee,
And in Faith's robbery left thee poor indeed?
Say, hath thy heart, a treacherous wife, betrayed thee?
Say, do thy murdered hopes, thy children, bleed?
And are they dying — aye, and dead, and cast
To the deep vaults? Say, dost thou glower aghast

At ruin, ruin, ruin, thrice deserted,
Friends lost, faith lost, and all that faith supplies,
While hope turns from thee, and with eyes averted
Thy better genius warns but once, and flies?
Say, art thou but a corpse beneath the skin,
While to their ashes burn the fires within?

Thou, brother, thou, a lightning-splintered globe,
A thunder-scarred, fire-devastated isle,
Whom death and hate would momently disrobe,

A kindred genius, with mild, asking smile,
For thee would summon kinsmen far away
In the Sun's ruby chamber, "Lo!" they say,

"Hear what the Word, with voice apocalyptic,
Reveals in power omnipotently sweet;
Gather the hopes that star its vast ecliptic;
With Nature haste to her dear Master's feet.
Art thou a Winter? thou a Spring shalt bloom,
And smile an Eden, thou who wert a tomb."

ANONYMOUS.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain;
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand ;
Let not the music that is in us die !
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie !

Spare not the stroke ! do with us as thou wilt !
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred ;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord !

HORATIUS BONAR.

PROSPICE

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attain'd,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING.

I HOLD STILL

PAIN's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart within me shivers

And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And in the hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With His own hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and beats it—
The sparks fly off at every blow:
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And in the mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me.
So I say, trusting—"As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master's hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in Him and suffer still.

(*From the German.*)

GETHSEMANE

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land of singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Veiled somewhere under evening skies
A garden which we all must see—
The garden of Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to our days;
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar;
We laugh, and say how strong we are.

We hurry on; and hurrying, go
Close to the border-land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me —
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty capes of years,
Beyond the great salt fount of tears,
The garden lies. Strive as you may,
You cannot miss it in your way.
All paths that have been or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
"Not mine but thine"; who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look! the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

MY LEGACY

THEY told me I was heir; I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed,—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their door;
Some smiled, and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day, were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mists he hasted:
"Poor child! what evil ones have hindered thee
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways;
I saw his temples plainly;
But they who named him most gave me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold: my elder brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed:
My brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right like him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank my Father with my every breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each "joint heir"
With Christ: "Make haste to ask him for thy share."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES

THE time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat:
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light, and worthless; yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my helpless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (FLORENCE PERCY).

FOLLOW ME

THE shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head;
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile has scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreamy life is passing — and we move amidst its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often burdened with the mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow, and are never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the Crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the whisper, "Follow Me."

ABRAM T. RYAN (*A Thought*).

HOPE, FAITH, LOVE

THERE are three lessons I would write —
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow —
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this — God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brothers all;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul —
Hope, Faith, and Love — and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

TAKE HEART

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time:
She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell down the autumn's frosty rime;
Yet I am not as one that grieves, —

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier, —
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Edna Dean Proctor.

HOW WE LEARN

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tale of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine,
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems,
Not in the world's gay halls of midnight mirth,
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems,

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,

Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.
Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

HORATIUS BONAR

REAPER OF LIFE'S HARVEST

Ho, REAPER of life's harvest!
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And the day begins to fade?

Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye silent, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain:
The night is fast approaching,
And noon will come again.

The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

ANONYMOUS

MEMORIAL HYMN. — J. A. GARFIELD

Now all ye flowers make room;
Hither we come in gloom
To make a mighty tomb,
Sighing and weeping.
Grand was the life he led;
Wise was each word he said;
But with the noble dead
We leave him sleeping.

Soft may his body rest
As on his mother's breast,
Whose love stands all confessed
'Mid blinding tears;
But may his soul so white
Rise in triumphant flight,
And in God's land of light
Spend endless years.

DAVID SWING.

RIPE GRAIN

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from pain,—
He who ordained that work should cease
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,—
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

DORA READ GOODALE.

TO-MORROW

HEAVEN overarches earth and sea,
Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me:
A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea
Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves.
Look up with me, until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wrecks you and me
If so to-morrow saves?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

ALL IS WELL

AND all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

PARTED FRIENDS

FRIEND after friend departs;
  Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
  That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time —
  Beyond the reign of death —
There surely is some blessed clime
  Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire!

There is a world above
  Where parting is unknown!
A long eternity of love
  Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines
  Till all are passed away;

As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PEACE

PEACE, troubled heart! the way 's not long before thee,
Lay down thy burden; say to sorrow, cease;
Be yon soft azure hand serenely o'er thee,
The blue, bright border to God's sphere of peace.

Peace, troubled heart! the hasty word may fret thee,
The cruel word may coldly probe and pierce;
The Christ who suffered, loves thee, never leaves thee,
He pours His balm upon the fever fierce.

Peace, troubled heart! though marred thy best behavior,
To thy deep longing, thine aspiring cry,
Listens thy Heavenly Kinsman, thy dear Savior
Healeth thy life-hurt, wipeth thy tears dry.

Peace, lonely heart! Be patient. Thou 'lt see, waiting,
How perfect sympathy and love may meet;
Be patient, praying; all earth's discord grating
Wilt melt at last to love divine, complete.

Peace, troubled heart! O coward, weakly shrinking
Back from the chalice! Saints and martyrs' meed,
The chrism of suffering. Earthward, poor souls sinking,
Yearn for the heavenly joy, through human need.

Peace, troubled heart! see yon strong ships all sailing
Through sun and storm, on to the solemn sea;
Through summer calms, through wintry tempest quailing
Thus sailest thou, out to Infinity.

Peace, troubled heart! beyond these bitter breezes,
Mid Isles of Paradise, in airs of balm,
Where cruel wind or word ne'er wounds or freezes,
Thou 'lt gain at last the everlasting calm.

Peace, troubled heart! go out beneath the ether;
Rest in the marvellous sunshine of the sky;
Watch the bees sail and sing in sunny leisure;
List the waves laughing as they loiter by.

Peace, troubled heart! if minor notes of sadness
Tremble through Nature's voices, every sigh
Quickens the anthem of her mightier gladness,
Foretells fruition perfect by and by.

Peace, troubled heart! life's ever mocking seeming,
Life's weary dearth, life's aching sense of loss,
Are fitful phantoms of its transient dreaming,
While Faith stands steadfast gazing on the Cross.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED

NOT here! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters —
I shall be satisfied — but oh! not here.

Not here! where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words — "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds —
The silent love that here meets no returning —
The inspiration which no language finds —

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longing —
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending —
Savior and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards home, where, all my wanderings ending,
I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."

ANONYMOUS.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There 's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There 's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There 's nothing calm but heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

I TOO

"LET us spread the sail for purple islands,
Far in undiscovered tropic seas;
Let us track the glimmering arctic highlands
Where no breath of men, no leaf of trees
E'er has lived." So speak the elders, telling
By the hearth, their list of fancies through,
Heedless of the child whose heart is swelling,
Till he cries at last, "I too! I too!"

And I, too, O my Father! Thou hast made me —
I have life, and life must have its way;
Why should love and gladness be gainsaid me?
Why should shadows cloud my little day?
Naked souls weigh in thy balance even —
Souls of kings are worth no more than mine;
Why are gifts e'er to my brother given,
While my heart and I together pine?

Meanest things that breathe have, with no asking,
Fullest joys: the one-day's butterfly
Finds its rose, and, in the sunshine basking,
Has the whole of life ere it doth die.
Dove, no sorrow on thy heart is preying;
With thy full contentment thou dost coo;
Yet, must *man* cry for a dove's life, saying,
"Make me as a dove — I too! I too!"

Nay, for something moves within — a spirit
Rises in his breast, he feels it stir;
Soul-joys greater than the doves inherit
Should be his to feel; yet, why defer
To a next world's veiled and far to-morrow
All his longings for a present bliss?
Stones of faith are hard; oh, could he borrow,
From that world's great stores one taste for this!

Hungry stands he by his empty table,
Thirsty waits beside his empty well —
Nor with all his striving, is he able
One full joy to catch where hundreds swell
In his neighbor's bosom; see, he sifteth
Once again his poor life through and through —
Finds but ashes: is it strange he lifteth
Up his cry, "O Lord! I too! I too!"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud,— no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

THOMAS MOORE.

ALL BEFORE

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live — nevermore to die!
And often when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim —
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to him!) —

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, "Alas"?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
Whose captives have escaped?

'T is but a mound, and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose — our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead
By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 't is all before!

ANONYMOUS.

UP-HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHEN

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks would bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which harkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile — could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Thro' thorns, thro' flowers, whether the tempest hide thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If thou come late.

SARAH WOOLSEY (SUSAN COOLIDGE).

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better, — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love, —

That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow.
May I reach
That purest heaven,— be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (GEORGE ELIOT).

A WISH

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom —
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll,
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things —
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread —
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind — instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath —
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death!

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LIFE

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know: when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly?
Where bend unseen thy trackless course?
And, in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound, I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
O, say, what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?
Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,— but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

A RHYME OF LIFE

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn, little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,
Oh, bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS

["Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."— RUSSIAN PROVERB]

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor 's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is won;

Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease ;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace " :
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot ;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest
Aye for his praise ;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways ;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears ;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears":
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ;
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

REST

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now ;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold
Nor strong,— all that is past
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part,—
I give a patient God
My patient heart ;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim ;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE SILENT LAND

Cloudy argosies are drifting down into the purple dark —
Down into the fading west;
And the long low amber reaches lying on the horizon's mark
Shape themselves into the gateways opening to the Land of Rest,
Gateways leading thro' the sunset, out into the under world,
Bright with pilgrim barges lying round the Islands of the Blest,
With their white sails tranquil furled.

Pale sea-buds that weep forever, water-lilies damp and cool
That the heavenly shores adorn,
And the mystic lotus shining thro' the white waves beautiful,
Far a peace-emitting fragrance shed through all that tranquil bourne;
Light the valleys undisquieted with step of mortal tread —
Bind the white brows of the Living whom all comfortless we mourn,
Whom we blindly call the Dead.

O ye lost ones! ye departed! do ye heed the tears we shed?
Speak, and bid our sorrows cease!
O beloved! O Immortals! O ye dead who are not dead!
Are ye near us in our anguish, in our longing for release?
Speak to us across the darkness — wave to us a glimmering hand!
Tell us but that ye remember, and our souls shall wait in peace,
Dwellers in the Silent Land!

Kate Seymour McLean.

HEAVEN

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies —
Where love becomes immortal.

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Oh, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

DYING HYMN

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song,—
My blindness is my sight;

The shadows that I feared so long
Are full of life and light.

The while my pulses fainter beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives —
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY

HEREAFTER

LOVE, when all the years are silent, vanished quite and laid to rest,
When you and I are sleeping, folded breathless breast to breast,
When no morrow is before us, and the long grass tosses o'er us,
And our grave remains forgotten, or by alien footsteps pressed —

Still that love of ours will linger, that great love enrich the earth,
Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes blowing joyous mirth;
Fragrance fanning off from flowers, melody of summer showers,
Sparkle of the spicy wood-fires round the happy autumn hearth.

That 's our love. But you and I, dear — shall we linger with it yet,
Mingled in one dew-drop, tangled in one sunbeam's golden net —
On the violet's purple bosom, I the sheen, but you the blossom,
Stream on sunset winds, and be the haze with which some hill is wet?

Or, beloved — if ascending — when we have endowed the world
With the best bloom of our being, whither will our way be whirled,
Through what vast and starry spaces, toward what awful, holy places,
With a white light on our faces, spirit over spirit furled?

Only this our yearning answers: wheresoe'er that way defile,
Not a film shall part us through the æons of that mighty while,
In the fair eternal weather, even as phantoms still together,
Floating, floating, one forever, in the light of God's great smile.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

AT FIRST

If I should fall asleep one day,
All over-worn,
And should my spirit from the clay
Go dreaming out the Heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne, —

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem oft rehearsed, —
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst," —
Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird at hand
The silence break :
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice — no other where
Impelled to roam, —
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will smiling pause, of me aware,
And murmur, " Welcome home ! "

So, sweetly greeted, I shall rise
To kiss her cheek ;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds, and need not seek.

AMANDA T. JONES.

IMMORTALITY

OH ! listen, man !
A voice within us speaks that startling word :
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls ; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality :
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

Oh! listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air. 'T is in the gentle moonlight;
'T is floating 'mid Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD HENRY DANA
(*The Husband and Wife's Grave*).

THE IMMORTAL PART

THE soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON (*Cato*).

ODE ON IMMORTALITY

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look around her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss — I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon —
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife!
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part:
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage,"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave:
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence! truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONG OF ANGIOLA IN HEAVEN

Flowers that have died upon my Sweet,
Lulled by the rhythmic dancing beat
Of her young bosom under you —
Now will I show you such a thing
As never through thick buds of Spring,
Betwixt the daylight and the dew,
The Bird whose being no man knows —
The voice that waketh all night through,
Tells to the Rose.

For lo — a garden place I found,
Well filled of leaves, and stilled of sound,
Well flowered, with red fruit marvellous;
And 'twixt the shining trunks would flit
Tall knights and silken maids, or sit
With faces bent and amorous; —
There, in the heart thereof, and crowned
With woodbine and amaracus,
My Love I found.

Alone she walked; — ah, well I wis,
My heart leapt up for joy of this!
Then when I called to her her name —
The name, that like a pleasant thing
Men's lips remember, murmuring —
At once across the sward she came;
Full fain she seemed, my own dear maid,
And askèd ever as she came,
"Where hast thou stayed?"

"Where hast thou stayed?" she asked, as though
The long years were an hour ago;
But I spake not, nor answerèd,
For, looking in her eyes, I saw
A light not lit of mortal law;
And in her clear cheek's changeless red,
And sweet unshaken speaking, found
That in this place the Hours were dead,
And Time was bound.

"This is well done," she said, "in thee,
O Love, that thou art come to me,
To this green garden glorious;
Now truly shall our life be sped
In joyance and all goodlihed,
For here all things are fair to us,
And none with burden is oppressed,
And none is poor or piteous,
For here is Rest.

"No formless Future blurs the sky;
Men mourn not here with dull, dead eye,
By shrouded shapes of Yesterday;
Betwixt the Coming and the Past
The flawless life hangs fixen fast
In one unwearying To-Day,
That darkens not; for Sin is shriven,
Death from the doors is thrust away,
And here is Heaven."

At "Heaven" she ceased; and lifted up
Her fair head like a flower-cup,
With rounded mouth, and eyes aglow;
Then set I lips to hers, and felt —
Ah, God! — the hard pain fade and melt,
And past things change to painted show;
The song of quiring birds outbroke;
The lit leaves laughed — sky shook, and lo,
I swooned — and woke.

And now, O Flowers —
Ye that indeed are dead —
Now for all waiting hours,
Well am I comforted;
For of a surety, now, I see,
That without dim distress
Of tears, or weariness,
My Lady verily awaiteth me;
So that until with Her I be,
For my dear Lady's sake
I am right fain to make
Out from my pain a pillow, and to take
Grief for a golden garment unto me;
Knowing that I at last shall stand
In that green garden-land,
And in the holding of my dear Love's hand,
Forget the grieving and the misery.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE DISCOVERER

I HAVE a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all the peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.

Aye, he has travelled whither
A wingèd pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
— With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he lift us, outward-bound!
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring.
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years;
More than in the groves is taught
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare —
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach —
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THERE IS NO DEATH

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death; the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away —
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate —
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song,
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile so bright,
Of hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them — the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life — there are no dead.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

NO MORE SEA

THERE shall be no more sea ; no wild winds bringing
Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,
With its scant grasses, and pale sea-flowers springing
From out the barren sand.

No angry wave, from cliff and cavern hoary,
To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore ;
Bearing on shattered sail and spar the story
Of one who comes no more ;

The loved and lost, whose steps no more may wander
Where wild gorse sheds its blooms of living gold,
Nor slake his thirst where mountain rills meander
Along the heathy wold.

Never again through flowery dingles wending
In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn,
By shady woodpaths where tall poppies, bending,
Redden the ripening corn.

'Neath whispering leaves his rosy children gather,
In the gray hamlet's simple place of graves,
Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-haired father,
Far from the noise of waves.

There shall be no more sea ! No surges sweeping
O'er love and youth, and childhood's sunny hair ;
Naught of decay and change, nor voice of weeping,
Ruffle the fragrant air.

Of that fair land within whose pearly portal
The golden light falls soft on fount and tree ;
Vexed by no tempest, stretch those shores immortal,
When there is no more sea.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OTHER WORLD

IT lies around us like a cloud —
A world we do not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek ;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
They have no power to break ;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be !

To close the eye and close the ear,
Rapt in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that — from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream ;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

TWO WORLDS

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again ;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air —
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death ;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas ! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead :
We see them — visions strange — amid the
Nevermore.

The merrysome maiden that used there to sing —
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold : to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land — the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly may we remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer
People that happy land — the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand :
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem —
Very far off — beyond our sensual dream —
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar ;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment — and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe —
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carolings soar.
Eternal peace have they ;
God wipes their tears away ;
They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim

Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNIONS

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

THE FUTURE LIFE

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,

And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —
The wisdom which is love — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OVER THE RIVER

OVER the river they beckon to me —
Loved ones who 've passed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see —
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;

We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be —
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

ONLY WAITING

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day ;
Till the dawn of heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;

For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory 's mine ere I 'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.

There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head —
O, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed !
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall burst on my sight,
And the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise,
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear.
And see soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold !
O give me, O give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above.
Ay, 't is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought.
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I 'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown !

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm :

Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink —
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,—

Father, perfect my trust!
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

PHŒBE CARY.

LONGING FOR HOME

A SONG OF A BOAT.

THERE was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till, a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea;
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me —
Ah, me!

A SONG OF A NEST.

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim;
With buttercup buds to follow.

Against fowle feends to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

EDMUND SPENSER (*The Faerie Queene*).

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

THE BETTER WAY

And didst thou love the race that loved not thee?
  And didst thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea,
  Art thou his kinsman now?

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
  O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
  Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
  By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, thou dost shine,
  To draw us sinners in,—

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
  By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,—
  I pray Thee visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
  Die ere the guest adored she entertained —
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day,
  Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Come, weary-eyed from seeking in the night
  Thy wanderers strayed upon the pathless wold,
Who, wounded, dying, cry to Thee for light,
  And cannot find their fold.

And deign, O watcher with the sleepless brow,
  Pathetic in its yearning — deign reply;
Is there, O is there aught that such as Thou
  Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briers across Thy pathway thrust,
  Are there no thorns that compass it about?
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
  My hands to gather out?

O, if thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
  It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay;
Let my lost pathway go — what aileth me?
  There is a better way.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
  And break, unthanked of man, the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil.
  Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong.

JEAN INGELOW (*Honors*).

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come, not in terrors, as the King of Kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee;
In Life and Death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,— one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

GOD

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy — all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside.

Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er —
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep — may count
The sands, or the sun's rays; but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprang forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin — all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious, great,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled Life and Death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness — is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then? Naught.

Naught! but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the Throne of Thy divinity!
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee!
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy Hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust;
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!
Whence came I here, and how? So marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good;
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord;
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere —
Even to its source — to Thee, its Author — there.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

JOHN BOWRING (*From the Russian of Derzhavén*).

THE ETERNAL

THE One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.— Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music — words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,— the low wind whispers near:
'T is Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast, and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven:
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
While, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (*Adonais*).

MUTABILITY

When I bethink me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way,
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heav'ns rule, yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway;
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flow'ring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight;
O thou great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight!

EDMUND SPENSER (*The Faerie Queene*).

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

PART XI

Scattered Leaves

"More poets yet!"—I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay;—
"Despite my skill and 'swashing blow,'
They seem to sprout where'er I go;—
I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may:
Your task 's at best a Hydra-fray;
And though you cut, not less will grow
More Poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May?
Who shall out-blot the morning glow,—
Or stem the full heart's overflow?
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,
More Poets yet!

PART XI

SCATTERED LEAVES

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,

But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart —
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines —
That bright celestial creature —
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

BEFORE THE GATE

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and, lest love speak, or speak not, languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said, — man-like, nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while,—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!—" His voice, affrighted
At his own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she — whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well —

Slyly drew near a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said; "I 'm quite worn out with walking:
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open the gate?"

William Dean Howells.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

CLEON AND I

CLEON hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon true possesseth acres, but the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot buy.
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness, freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he 'll find me ready,— happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change?
Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE AGE OF WISDOM

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian 's dead, God rest her bier;
  How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian 's married; but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
  Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
  And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
  With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
  Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
  Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
  Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
And it seems as if he said,
  "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
  In their bloom;

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

'T WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:

"Learn while you 're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school;
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said.
"We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;—
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;—
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;—
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I've lingered a long while here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;

And feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
'T was a glorious world down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently he bowed his head,—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

DANIEL GRAY

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better,
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I 've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now — his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded —
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering-and-to-conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children — so they say;

And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charlie died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charlie,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer;
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

I 'M GROWING OLD

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn or weep;

My foes are impotent and shy;
  My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late I often sigh,
    I 'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
  My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
  My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
  My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice,
    I 'm growing old!

I 'm growing fonder of my staff;
  I 'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I 'm growing fainter in my laugh;
  I 'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I 'm growing careless of my dress;
  I 'm growing frugal of my gold;
I 'm growing wise; I 'm growing — yes —
    I 'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
  I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
  I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
  As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
    I 'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
  The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath
  But makes me debtor to the years!
E'en flattery's honeyed words declare
  The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
    I 'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! — whose rapid flight
  My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
  That tint the darkness of their wings!
The light that beams from out the sky,
  Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
    "I 'm growing old!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

WILD OATS

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then fly for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Come home and take your place there
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find a face there
You loved when you were young!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE WATER THAT HAS PASSED

LISTEN to the water-mill,
Through the live-long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Living heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;

Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect, and health
May not, cannot last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE IVY GREEN

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SWEET CLOVER

WITHIN what weeks the melilot
Gave forth its fragrance, I, a lad,
Or never knew or quite forgot,
Save that 't was while the year is glad.

Now know I that in bright July
It blossoms; and the perfume fine
Brings back my boyhood, until I
Am steeped in memory as with wine.

Now know I that the whole year long,
Though Winter chills or Summer cheers,
It writes along the weeks its song,
Even as my youth sings through my years.

WALLACE RICE.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

OH, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now,
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who 'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who 'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth;
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come!
But other men our lands shall till,
And others then our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

VERTUE

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angrie and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

WHERE LIES THE LAND

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesters rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A FAREWELL

MY fairest child, I have no song to give to you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AFTER THE BALL

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille;
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who, over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too;
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done;

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking in silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimed one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge! dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear;
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair, and golden tress,
There 'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press;

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace —
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you 'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

NORA PERRY.

THE OLD SERGEANT

[JANUARY 1, 1863.]

The Carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go,
Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
That are now beneath the snow:

For the same awful and portentous Shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the Carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
Come up from every mart;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story;
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh:

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the Adams,
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon,
On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night.

"Come a little nearer, Doctor,—thank you; let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up,—draw it closer; just another little sup!
May be you think I 'm better; but I 'm pretty well used up,—
Doctor, you 've done all you could do, but I 'm just a-going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try"—
"Never say that," said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"
"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor — Doctor, please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I 'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it couldn't ha' been so,
For as sure as I 'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I 've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!' — just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the Lighter, he could not have spoken so,
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go.

"Then I thought: It 's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine* — and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!' — even louder than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the River, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite! —

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'
'ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Dr. Austin! — what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's and a right good time below!

What time is it, Dr. Austin?" "Nearly Twelve." "Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost!
And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me, all deserted, far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss — there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win —
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty Tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the Heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty based it towered up into the infinite —
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it — with a rapt and dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of — 'Halt! and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the Stair!'

"I advanced! That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!
'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine.

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive:
'That 's the way, sir, to Headquarters.' 'What Headquarters?'
'Of the Brave.'
'But the great Tower?' 'That was builded of the great deeds of the Brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and battered, and at his so new and bright;
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night!
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*, and I . . . .
Doctor — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God bless you all! Good-bye!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son — my son that 's coming, — he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him — as he never did before, —
And to carry that old musket" . . . . Hark! a knock is at the door! . . . .
"Till the Union" . . . . See! it opens! . . . . "Father! Father! speak once more!" . . . .
"*Bless you!*" — gasped the old gray Sergeant. And he lay and said no more!

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

THE PLACE WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE

How little recks it where men lie,
When once the moment 's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last, —
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness return
Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at his summons each must go,
The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it, when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?

The coward's dying eyes may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er them spread:
But ye who shun the bloody fray,
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave!

'T were sweet, indeed, to close our eyes,
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere:
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
"Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;

But the sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly;—
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O
In St. Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,

From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT).

SONG OF THE FORGE

CLANG, *clang!* the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply,—
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang! — we forge the coulter now,—
The coulter of the kindly plough.
Sweet Mary, mother, bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang! our coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide;
Amid the song of morning birds,
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes, which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
Along the green hillside.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,—
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold,—
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang! — again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank! — we forge the giant chain

Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides:
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests,—though far away,
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep;
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
By Afric's pestilential shore?
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,—
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile?
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply;
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah! — *Cling, clang!* — once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang! — a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the Sword.

The Sword! — a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;

Or amid crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or as, when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide,—
Still, still, when'er the battle word
Is Liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless the Sword.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BABE

NAKED on parent's knees, a new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled:
So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

I SIT beneath the apple-tree,
I see nor sky nor sun;
I only know the apple-buds
Are opening one by one.

You asked me once a little thing —
A lecture or a song
To hear with you; and yet I thought
To find my whole life long

Too short to bear the happiness
That bounded through the day,
That made the look of apple blooms,
And you and me and May!

For long between us there had hung
The mist of love's young doubt;
Sweet, shy, uncertain, all the world
Of trust and May burst out.

I wore the flowers in my hair,
Their color on my dress;
Dear love! whenever apples bloom
In heaven, do they bless

Your heart with memories so small,
So strong, so cruel, glad?
If ever apples bloom in heaven,
I wonder are you sad?

Heart! yield up thy fruitless quest,
Beneath the apple tree;
Youth comes but once, love only once,
And May but once to thee!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the Autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

WOMAN

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

EATON STANNARD BARRETT.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of cloud-land, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,

And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

OLD TIMES

"'T WAS thirty years ago, and now
We meet once more," I sighed and said,
"To talk of Eton and old times;
But every second word is 'Dead!'"

We fill the glass, and watch the wine
Rise, as thermometers will do,
Then rouse the fire into a blaze,
And once more, boys, we share the glow.

"Do you remember Hawtrey's time?
Pod Major, and the way he read?
And Powis and Old Stokes? Alas!
Our every second word is 'Dead!'"

Well, springs must have their autumns too,
And suns must set as they must shine;
And, waiter, here, a bottle more,
And let it be your oldest wine.

And gather closer to the fire,
And let the gas flare overhead;
Some day our children will meet thus,
And they will praise or blame the Dead.

ANONYMOUS.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved,—and blind with passionate love, I fell;
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger 's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire."

JOHN HAY.

FISHING SONG

DOWN in the wide gray river
The current is sweeping strong;
Over the wide gray river
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,
The song falls with the oar;
And an echo in both is ringing,
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current,
The song brings back to me
A cry from mortal silence,
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,
Love that had died of wrong,
Hearts that are dead in living,
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
  Just as they leafed before,
The green grass comes no greener
  Down to the very shore —

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,
  In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinking,
  Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner :
  Its past returns no more,
But in echoes, that answer the minor
  Of the boat-song from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness ;
  His judgment waiteth long ;
He breaks the heart of a woman
  With a fisherman's careless song.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
  A home on the rolling deep ;
Where the scattered waters rave,
  And the winds their revels keep !
Like an eagle caged I pine
  On this dull, unchanging shore :
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
  The spray and the tempest's roar !

Once more on the deck I stand
  Of my own swift-gliding craft :
Set sail ! farewell to the land ;
  The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
  Like an ocean-bird set free,—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
  We 'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
  The clouds have begun to frown ;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
  We'll say, Let the storm come down !
And the song of our hearts shall be,
  While the wind and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea !
  A life on the ocean wave !

EPES SARGENT.

ALONE BY THE BAY

He is gone, O my heart, he is gone;
And the sea remains, and the sky;
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.

And the waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the Bay
The breath of the morning blows.

I liked it better last night,
When the dark shut down on the main,
And the phantom fleet lay still,
And I heard the waves complain.

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,
And the rune of their endless woe,
Their longing and void and despair,
Kept time in their ebb and flow.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE TEMPEST

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

MY MOTHER

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars:
Point home, my country's flag of stars!
My mother, in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears;
On long, long darkness breaks the light,
Comes home the loved, the lost for years.
Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner!
Fear not to-night, or storm or sea:
The ear of heaven bends low to *her!*
He sails to shore who sails with me.
The wind-tossed spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze;
And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (*Lines on Leaving Europe*).

AT SEA

THE night was made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep:
Childlike as then I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels:
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels;
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hingèd socket turns.

Now swinging slow and slanting low,
It almost level lies;

And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God ! O lamp of peace !
O promise of my soul !
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own with love and tender awe
Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light ;
The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant : I cross my palms,
Happy as if to-night
Under the cottage roof again
I heard the soothing summer rain.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

IN THE SEA

THE salt wind blows upon my cheek,
As it blew a year ago,
When twenty boats were crushed among
The rocks of Norman's woe :
'T was dark then ; 't is light now,
And the sails are leaning low.

In dreams I pull the sea-weed o'er
And find a face not his,
And hope another tide will be
More pitying than this :
The wind turns, the tide turns,—
They take what hope there is.

My life goes on as life must go,
With all its sweetness spilled :
My God, why should one heart of two
Beat on, when one is stilled?
Through heart-wreck, or home-wreck,
Thy happy sparrows build.

Though boats go down, men build again
Whatever wind may blow ;
If blight be in the wheat one year,
They trust again and sow :

The grief comes, the change comes,
The tides run high and low.

Some have their dead, where, sweet and calm,
The summers bloom and go ; —
The sea withholds my dead ; I walk
The bar when tides are low,
And wonder how the grave-grass
Can have the heart to grow.

Flow on, O unconsenting sea,
And keep my dead below ;
The night-watch set for me is long,
But, through it all, I know,
Or life comes, or death comes,
God leads the eternal flow.

HIRAM RICH.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I 'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea :
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.

Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I 've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS

ALBUM VERSES

THOU record of the votive throng
That fondly seeks this fairy shrine,
And pays the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine,—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write?
Who 'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plough the wave, and sow the sand;
Throw seed to every wind that blows·
Along the highway strew thy hand,
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
And friendless, with ten thousand friends.

Yet here, for once, I 'll leave a trace,
To ask in after times a thought;
To say that here a resting-place
My way-worn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays,
To tell that he has worshipped there.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WAITING

SERENE I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

LIFE'S INCONGRUITIES

GREEN grows the laurel on the bank,
Dark waves the pine upon the hill,
Green hangs the lichen, cold and dank,
Dark springs the hearts-ease by the rill,
Age-mosses clamber ever bright,
Pale is the water-lily's bloom:
Thus Life still courts the shades of night,
And beauty hovers o'er the tomb.

So, all through life, incongruous hue
Each object wears from childhood down;
The evanescent — heaven's blue,
The all-enduring — sober brown;
Our brightest dreams too quickly die,
And griefs are green that should be old,
And joys that sparkle to the eye
Are like a tale that 's quickly told.

And yet 't is but the golden mean
That checks our lives' unsteady flow;
God's counterbalance thrown between,
To poise the scale 'twixt joy and woe:

And better so ; for were the bowl
Too freely to the parched lip given,
Too much of grief would crush the soul,
Too much of joy would wean from heaven.

EGBERT PHELPS.

EQUINOCTIAL

THE sun of life has crossed the line ;
The summer-shine of lengthened light
Faded and failed — till, where I stand,
'T is equal day and equal night.

One after one, as dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young — I am not old ;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields,
Not yet disrobed of all their green ;
While westerly, along the hills,
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah, middle-point, where cloud and storm
Make battle-ground of this my life !
Where, even-matched, the night and day
Wage round me their September strife.

I bow me to the threatening gale :
I know when that is overpast,
Among the peaceful harvest days
An Indian Summer comes at last.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE MYSTERIES

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath ;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life !

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

RUTH

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell:
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LATE SPRING

She stood alone amidst the April fields —
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare.
"The Spring is late," she said, "the faithless Spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon; among the trees,
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;
For them no green boughs wait,— their memories
Of last year's April had deceived them so."

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad Spring,
The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees,
"Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said;
"I wait my Spring-time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fullness of their time;
Their Spring, though late, will make the meadows fair;
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed?
I am his own,— doth not my Father care?"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THOUGHT

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"

I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS night ! when our first parent knew
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife ?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN the sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued ;
The hills seemed farther and the stream sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard its sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew,—
Crew thrice,— and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warden blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
Andd where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;—

Where sang the noisy martens of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage-loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by — passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this — in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch,—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat, like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,— he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume —
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall:

Re-gave the swords, but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty the dying blow ;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped ; her head was bowed ;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene ;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ENDURANCE

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break !
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die !
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh :
Death chooses his own time ; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life ;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill ;
We seek some small escape : we weep and pray ;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still ;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life ;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own :
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone ;
But ah ! we do not die with those we mourn,—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,— famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain ; all grief and misery,

All woe and sorrow ; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body,— but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—
Lo, all things can be borne !

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (FLORENCE PERCY).

OUTGROWN

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she 's not fickle ; her love she has simply outgrown :
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly ? There is much that my heart would say ;
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled and " made up " in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth,—
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls should be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May ;
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either : they ever go up or go down ;
And hers has been steadily soaring — but how has it been with your own ?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired, grown purer and wiser each year :
The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous atmosphere !

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer : but their vision is clearer as well ;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked :
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you ? Have you aimed at the highest ? Have you, too, aspired and prayed ?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied ? Have you conquered it undismayed ?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on ?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won ?

Nay, hear me ! The truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood ?

Go measure yourself by her standard ; look back on the years that have fled :
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover : her love, like her soul, aspires ;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell ! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE PENITENT

ST. AGNES' Eve,— ah, bitter chill it was !
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold ;
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;

The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no,— already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

JOHN KEATS (*Eve of St. Agnes*).

THE AIM OF LIFE

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things — God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY (*Festus*).

FAME

WHAT shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean, fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known? —
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown.
Oh! never, never!

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom *thou* know'st not ?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown,—
Divine their lot !

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife !
Yea, with thy might !

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN

THREE words fall sweetly on my soul
As music from an angel lyre,
That bid my spirit spurn control
And upward to its source aspire ;
The sweetest sounds to mortals given
Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Dear Mother ! ne'er shall I forget
Thy brow, thine eye, thy pleasant smile !
Though in the sea of death hath set
Thy star of life, my guide awhile,
Oh, never shall thy form depart
From the bright pictures in my heart.

And like a bird that from the flowers,
Wing-weary seeks her wonted nest,
My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,
Turns back in childhood's Home to rest ;
The cottage, garden, hill, and stream,
Still linger like a pleasant dream.

And while to one engulfing grave,
By time's swift tide we 're driven,
How sweet the thought that every wave
But bears us nearer Heaven !
There we shall meet when life is o'er,
In that blest Home, to part no more.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done,— the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task ;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme ;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time ;
On life's wide scene you too have parts
That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;
Good night ! with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway !

Good-night! I 'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age ;
I 'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men,
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys ;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I 'd say how fate may change and shift,
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift :
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?
Blessed be He who took and gave !
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave ?
We bowed to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?

His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen ! — whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize ?
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days ;
The shepherds heard it overhead —
The joyful angels raised it then :
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men !

My song, save this, is little worth ;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide ;
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still :
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

THE LAST WORD

CREEP into thy narrow bed;
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast;
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged — and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
— Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice. —

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.— Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there :
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes

In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-haired man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters,
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came over me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I stood on the bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SONG IN IMITATION OF THE ELIZABETHANS

SWEETEST sweets that time hath rifled
Live anew on lyric tongue,—
Tresses with which Paris trifled,
Lips to Antony's that clung.
These surrender not their rose,
Nor their golden puissance those.

Vain the envious loam that covers
Her of Egypt, her of Troy:
Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers
Still desire them, still enjoy.
Fate but stole what Song restored:
Vain the aspic, vain the cord.

Idly clanged the sullen portal,
Idly the sepulchral door:
Fame the mighty, Love the immortal,
These than foolish dust are more:
Nor may captive Death refuse
Homage to the conquering Muse.

WILLIAM WATSON.

SOVEREIGN POETS

THEY who create rob death of half its stings;
They, from the dim inane and vague opaque
Of nothingness, build with their thought, and make
Enduring entities and beauteous things;
They are the Poets — they give airy wings
To shapes marmorean; or they overtake
The Ideal with the brush, or, soaring, wake
Far in the rolling clouds their glorious strings.
The Poet is the only potentate;
His sceptre reaches o'er remotest zones;
His thought remembered and his golden tones
Shall, in the ears of nations uncreate,
Roll on for ages and reverberate
When Kings are dust beside forgotten thrones.

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

PLANTING THE TREE

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the plank to withstand the gales;
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, lath, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free —
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

HENRY ABBEY.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall hang so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

" 'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-time truth we might have kept —
We know how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

HEART'S CONTENT

"A SAIL! a sail! Oh, whence away,
And whither, o'er the foam?
Good brother mariners, we pray,
God speed you safely home!"

"Now wish us not so foul a wind,
Until the fair be spent;
For hearth and home we leave behind:
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,
With canvas flowing free?
But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,
Where may that harbor be?
For we that greet you, worn of time,
Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,
By sun and star, in every clime,
Have searched for Heart's Content

"In every clime the world around,
The waste of waters o'er;
And El Dorado have we found,
That ne'er was found before.
The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,
Where East and West are blent —
All these our eyes have looked upon,
But where is Heart's Content?

"Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,
And ere the hearths are cold,
And all the embers ashen-gray,
By which ye sat of old,
And dumb in death the loving lips
That mourned as forth ye went
To join the fleet of missing ships,
In quest of Heart's Content;

"And seek again the harbor-lights,
Which faithful fingers trim,
Ere yet alike the days and nights
Unto your eyes are dim!
For woe, alas! to those that roam
Till time and tide are spent,
And win no more the port of home —
The only Heart's Content!"

ANONYMOUS.

REVELRY IN INDIA

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.

Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrades' eyes:
One cup to the dead already —
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing —
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'T is cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already,—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We 'll fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles
As mute as the wine we drink.
So, stand to your glasses, steady!
'T is this that the respite buys:
One cup to the dead already,—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others —
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha, ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here the wise;
One cup to the dead already,—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There 's many a hand that 's shaking,
And many a cheek that 's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They 'll burn with the wine we 've drunk.
Then, stand to your glasses, steady!
'T is here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already,—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There 's a mist on the glass congealing —
'T is the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus doth the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already,—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning,
Who shrinks from the sable shore
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sing no more?
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already,—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind,—
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'T is all we have left to prize;
One cup to the dead already,—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose ?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look ;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop ;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched ?
How will you ever straighten up this shape ;
Touch it again with immortality ;
Give back the upward looking and the light ;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream ;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man ?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world ?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries ?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art,— the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,—
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew

Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spread the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SONNET

WHAT is a sonnet? 'T is the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'T is the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song, — ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is,— beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THE SONNET

THE Sonnet is a fruit which long hath slept
And ripen'd on life's sun-warm'd orchard-wall;
A gem which, hardening in the mystical
Mine of man's heart, to quenchless flame hath leapt;
A medal of pure gold art's nympholept
Stamps with love's lips and brows imperial;
A branch from memory's briar, whereon the fall
Of thought-eternalizing tears hath wept:
A star that shoots athwart star-steadfast heaven;
A fluttering aigrette of toss'd passion's brine;
A leaf from youth's immortal missal torn;
A bark across dark seas of anguish driven;
A feather dropp'd from breast-wings aquiline;
A silvery dream shunning red lips of morn.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE SONNET'S VOICE

[A METRICAL LESSON BY THE SEASHORE]

YON silvery billows breaking on the beach
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
The while my rhymes are murmuring in my ear
A restless lore like that the billows teach;
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach
From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
As, through the billowy voices yearning here,
Great nature strives to find a human speech.
A sonnet is a wave of melody:
From heaving waters of the impassion'd soul
A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "octave"; then returning free,
Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

A SONNET

A SONNET is a moment's monument,—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead, deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearl'd and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul, — its converse, to what Power 't is due: —
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
(*The House of Life*).

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE QUIET LIFE

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE BALLOT

A WEAPON that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INVICTUS

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE LAST CAMP-FIRE

SCAR not earth's breast that I may have
Somewhere above her heart a grave;
Mine was a life whose swift desire
Bent ever less to dust than fire;
Then through the swift white path of flame
Send back my soul to whence it came;
From some great peak, storm challenging,
My death-fire to the heavens fling;
The rocks my altar, and above
The still eyes of the stars I love;

No hymn, save as the midnight wind
Comes whispering to seek his kind.

Heap high the logs of spruce and pine,
Balsam for spices and for wine;
Brown cones, and knots a golden blur
Of hoarded pitch, more sweet than myrrh;
Cedar, to stream across the dark
Its scented embers spark on spark;
Long, shaggy boughs of juniper,
And silvery, odorous sheaves of fir;
Spice-wood, to die in incense smoke
Against the stubborn roots of oak,
Red to the last for hate or love
As that red stubborn heart above.

Watch till the last pale ember dies,
Till wan and low the dead pyre lies,
Then let the thin white ashes blow
To all earth's winds a finer snow;
There is no wind of hers but I
Have loved it as it whistled by;
No leaf whose life I would not share,
No weed that is not some way fair;
Hedge not my dust in one close urn,
It is to these I would return,—
The wild, free winds, the things that know
No master's rule, no ordered row.

To be, if Nature will, at length
Part of some great tree's noble strength;
Growth of the grass; to live anew
In many a wild-flower's richer hue;
Find immortality indeed,
In ripened heart of fruit and seed.
Time grants not any man redress
Of his broad law, forgetfulness;
I parley not with shaft and stone,
Content that in the perfume blown
From next year's hillsides something sweet
And mine, shall make earth more complete.

SHARLOT M. HALL.

TO-DAY

WHY fear to-morrow, timid heart?
Why tread the future's way?
We only need to do our part
To-day, dear child, to-day.

The past is written! Close the book
On pages sad and gay;
Within the future do not look,
But live to-day — to-day.

'T is this one hour that God has given;
His Now we must obey;
And it will make our earth his heaven
To live to-day — to-day.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in —
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood:
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night! —
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He pass'd — for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! — low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still — but knew not why;
The world was listening — unawares;
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was link'd no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charm'd and holy *now!*

The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMETT.

ARISTOCRACY

THE pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover any time to him
Is aristocracy.

EMILY DICKINSON.

ISOLATION

YES! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour —

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain —
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire? —
A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MORALITY

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BRAHMA

IF the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HEREDITY

Why bowest thou, O soul of mine,
Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage,
That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers,
As blossomed Aaron's rod;
No legacy of sin annuls
Heredity from God.

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE STARRY HOST

The countless stars, which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound in changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face
As though God bade them win Infinity.
Ah whither, whither in their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that for them to be is to advance.

John Lancaster Spalding.

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I 'm dreadin' what I 've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they 're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play,
The regiment 's in 'ollow square — they 're hangin' him to-day;
They 've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It 's bitter cold, it 's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.
"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round.
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e 'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound —
O, they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and 'cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E 's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E 's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What 's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It 's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What 's that that whimpers over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It 's Danny's soul that 's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they 've done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment 's in column, an' they 're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they 'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

SONG

O HAPPY lark, that warblest high
  Above thy lowly nest,
O brook, that brawlest merrily by
  Thro' fields that once were blest,
O tower spiring to the sky,
  O graves in daisies drest,
O Love and Life, how weary am I,
  And how I long for rest!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(*The Promise of May*).

HESPER—VENUS

VENUS near her! smiling downward at this earthlier earth of ours.
Closer on the sun, perhaps a world of never-fading flowers.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer-home of all good things—
All good things may move in Hesper, perfect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper — Venus — were we native to that splendor, or in Mars,
We should see the globe we groan in, fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite,
Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light?

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so silver-fair,
Yearn, and clasp the hands and murmur, "Would to God that we were there"?

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(*Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*).

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BUT slow that tide of common thought,
  Which bathed our life, retired;
Slow, slow the old world wore to nought,
  And pulse by pulse expired.

Its frame yet stood without a breach,
  When blood and warmth were fled;
And still it spake its wonted speech —
  But every word was dead.

And oh, we cried, that on this corse
  Might fall a freshening storm!
Rive its dry bones, and with new force
  A new-sprung world inform!

— Down came the storm! O'er France it pass'd,
In sheets of scathing fire;
All Europe felt that fiery blast,
And shook as it rush'd by her.

Down came the storm! In ruins fell
The worn-out world we knew.
It pass'd, that elemental swell —
Again appear'd the blue;

The sun shone in the new-wash'd sky;
And what from heaven saw he?
Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
Float on a rolling sea!

Upon them plies the race of man
All it before endeavour'd;
"Ye live," I cried, "ye work and plan,
And know not ye are sever'd!

"Poor fragments of a broken world
Whereon men pitch their tent!
Why were ye too to death not hurl'd
When your world's day was spent?"

MATTHEW ARNOLD (*Obermann*).

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.
The city, like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards far below
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar,
In mosque and square and gay bazar,
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And Grave Effendi from Stamboul,
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king, in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold,
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I LAY my finger on Time's wrist to score
The forward-surging moments as they roll;
Each pulse seems quicker than the one before;
And lo! my days pile up against my soul
As clouds pile up against the golden sun;
Alas! What have I done? What have I done?

I never steep the rosy hours in sleep,
Or hide my soul, as in a gloomy crypt;
No idle hands into my bosom creep;
And yet, as water-drops from house-eaves drip,
So, viewless, melt my days, and from me run;
Alas! What have I done? What have I done?

I have not missed the fragrance of the flowers,
Or scorned the music of the flowing rills,
Whose numerous liquid tongues sing to the hours;
Yet rise my days behind me, like the hills,
Unstarred by light of mighty triumphs won;
Alas! What have I done? What have I done?

Be still, my soul; restrain thy lips from woe!
Cease thy lament! for life is but the flower;

The fruit comes after death ; how canst thou know
The roundness of its form, its depth of power?
Death is life's morning. When thy work 's begun,
Then ask thyself — What yet is to be done?

LILLIAN BLANCHE FEARING.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE END

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